

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

July

NOW

10¢



Judy Garland

See what happens when "ANDY HARDY MEETS A DEBUTANTE"

Read Fiction Story of Film Starring MICKEY ROONEY, JUDY GARLAND

DINNER with GARBO!—GOOD ADVICE from SPENCER TRACY



"Then why have I never married?"

She was one of those stunning, Aquarius types . . . tall, regal, red-haired . . . about thirty; of obvious means, and with a hand that showed personality, health, brilliance of mind, daring and romance. Fortune's child if ever I saw one.

Yet here she was confessing unashamedly that she'd had little luck with men and almost tearfully demanding to know why. Should I tell her . . . dare I tell her . . . that the answer lay not in her hand—but in something else that most people do not even mention, let alone discuss.*

One of the most damning faults in a woman is halitosis (bad breath)*. Yet every woman may offend this way some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

How foolish to take unnecessary risks of offending others when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution against this humiliating condition. You simply rinse your mouth with it night and morning, and between times before engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Some cases of halitosis are caused by

systemic conditions. But usually—and fortunately—say some authorities, most bad breath is due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth and gums.

Makes Breath Sweeter

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend others.

In the matter of charm, your breath may often be more important than your clothes, your hair, your skin, your figure. Take precautions to keep it on the agreeable side with the antiseptic and deodorant which is as effective as it is delightful.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS

Wake up, Wallflower!

Mum after your bath would have saved your Charm!



Mum prevents underarm odor... guards after-bath freshness all evening



More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Just a touch under each arm every day makes you sure of your charm. For hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you fresh!

BREATHLESS expectations . . . dreams of a wonderful evening . . . turned to dust! Why should it happen to a pretty girl like Jean? She bathed so carefully, chose her loveliest dress, started out so gaily. But she *did* forget Mum—she thought her bath would be enough! And now she's sitting out the dances. She's missed her chance for popularity—and she doesn't know why.

It's a mistake to believe that the bath which leaves you so fresh and sweet will secure your charm for the evening. Even the most perfect bath removes only perspiration that is *past*! Underarm odor can come *after* a bath, unless you *prevent* it. Why not make sure you never risk this danger? Make future odor *impossible*—follow your bath with Mum!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only half a minute! Just a pat under this arm, under that . . . and you're through!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum actually soothes your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, *Mum prevents underarm odor*. With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts *all evening*. Women everywhere use Mum . . . yes, and men, too. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be always welcome—make a *habit* of Mum!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, dependable!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

HAS "REBECCA'S" SUCCESS GONE TO JOAN FONTAINE'S HEAD?

That's a question engaging Hollywood's fickle attention right now! And not only Hollywood, but the rest of the movie-going world wants the answer. Never before in screen history has a young actress scored such a sensational success as Joan Fontaine in "Rebecca"—the picture which has broken records everywhere. Is it possible for the youthful star of such a picture to keep her head in the midst of all the shouting and the adulation? To get the answer for you, we sent Gladys Hall to see Miss Fontaine, who is Mrs. Brian Aherne in private life, in her own home. The result of the visit is one of the most fascinating interviews we have ever given you. It's a feature not to be missed!

BIG DATE WITH MICKEY ROONEY!

Just as Joan Fontaine is the most talked about girl in Hollywood, so Mickey Rooney is the most discussed boy! Clark Gable calls him not only a great actor, but a swell kid. Boys and girls of Mickey's own age—nineteen—call him regular. That's why, when Mickey "dates" a girl, it becomes news; and that's why we trailed him on one of these dates to be able to give you a gay story, with exclusive pictures, of the "Boy Box Office King of the Movies" having fun. Watch for this in the next issue!

In August SCREENLAND On Sale July 3rd.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher.

July, 1940

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"The Mortal Storm"



It had to be told! Millions demanded that the fiery pages of this best-selling novel be dramatized on the screen.

It is an unforgettable motion picture. Tensely it tells of youthful love...the courage of men and women whose brave heritage will never die...the excitement of world-shaking events just as they happened in screaming newspaper headlines...and with powerful performances by a cast as brilliant as the mighty story they tell...

The MORTAL STORM

by PHYLLIS BOTTOME

STARRING

Margaret SULLAVAN James STEWART Robert YOUNG Frank MORGAN

with ROBERT STACK • BONITA GRANVILLE • IRENE RICH
WILLIAM T. ORR • MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • GENE REYNOLDS

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by CLAUDE WEST • ANDERSEN ELLIS
and GEORGE FROESCHEL • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Hot

from Hollywood

THEY say that the real reason Elsa Maxwell is not going to play *Tugboat Annie* is the flood of letters protesting Warners' choice of her for the rôle. . . . It could only happen in Hollywood: Mrs. Humphrey Bogart and Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller picking up their knitting between courses at a smart dining spot. Mayo Methot was knitting socks for Humphrey, and Mrs. Weissmuller was working on a very tiny baby outfit. . . . The whole Warner commissary waits each noon for Buddy Westmore to come in to "check" on Rosemary Lane's make-up when she is lunching with someone else.

HEDY LAMARR'S teaming with Clark Gable in "Boom Town" is like a dream come true for her, because as a girl of sixteen she used to live only to be an actress and to play opposite Gable, who was her favorite. She still has many of the scrap-books with page after page filled with pictures of Clark that she cut from magazines and papers when she was a schoolgirl in Vienna. She managed even to get a real photograph of him. Hedy's young girl dreams came true, but not quite as she would have them if she were still that romantic young girl and not Mrs. Gene Markey. In "Boom Town" she plays a slinky adventuress and does win Clark from his wife, Claudette Colbert, only to lose him again; but there is not one love scene for Hedy in the whole story. Never once is she in Gable's arms on the screen as she was in her schoolgirl dreams. Claudette, as Clark's wife, is the only one in the picture to share his love scenes.



Len Weissman

Above, Marlene Dietrich signing an autograph album for a smiling fan at a recent preview while her escort, Erich Remarque, patiently stands by.



Len Weissman

You'd never guess that the romance between Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston, "Typhoon" stars, had cooled from this picture, but it's the latest rumor.

shorter than I had pictured him." Quick as a flash Vivien snapped back, "Some of the greatest lovers in the world were small men. Height really doesn't have a thing to do with it." The accompanying "so there" look silenced the stranger completely.

(Please turn to page 8)

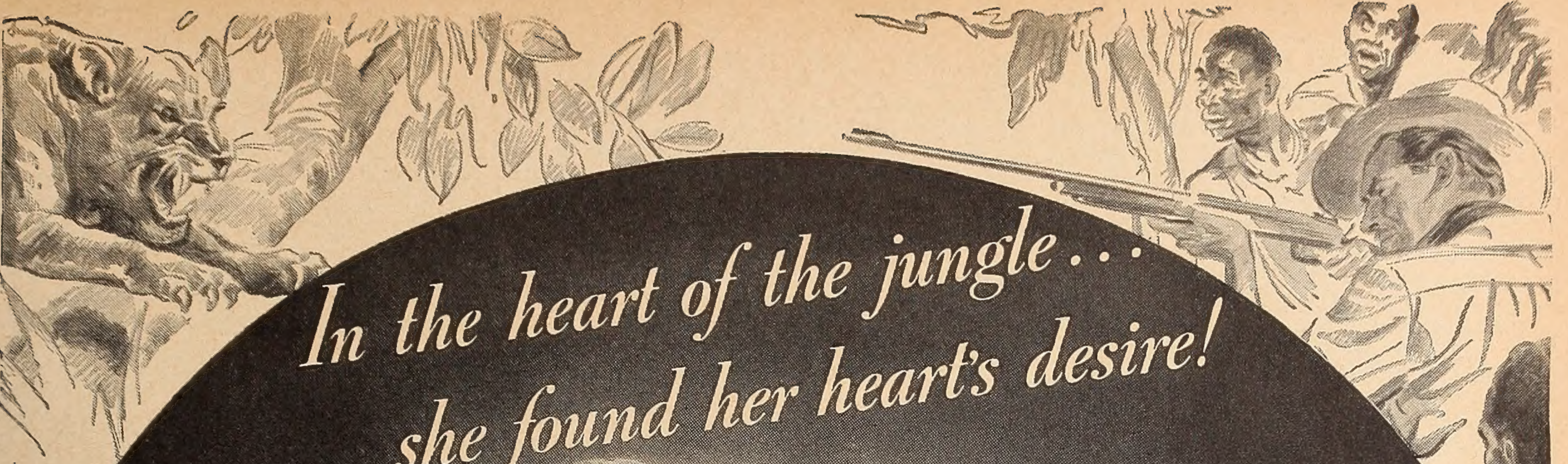
SOMEHOW the friendships between men in Hollywood stand a better chance of lasting than real friendship between women. The case of one of Hollywood's deep, unknown friendships of years' standing proves it once more. Years ago, in a certain show on Broadway, there were two young men who were good friends. One was a star of the show, the other was a tall, good-looking fellow who played in the orchestra. By a peculiar twist of fate it was the musician who was noticed and wanted by Hollywood. The star did all he could to help his friend. He loaned him clothes and money and aided him in his screen test. It wasn't until years later that the star got his chance in Hollywood and clicked. Today their friendship is as deep and genuine as it ever was. They are under contract to the same studio. They've both experienced a lot of ups and downs and have travelled a long way since those days on Broadway. You've probably guessed by now that I'm talking about Fred MacMurray and Bob Hope.

ANY director who has ever worked with Vivien Leigh will agree that she is by no means easy to work with, but they all swear by her. She never hesitates to tell off anyone on how she means to interpret a rôle. If she is criticized she argues that her portrayal was the way she felt the part and, therefore, natural and right—for her. She never resorts to tricks to steal scenes but will fight for advantages she rightly thinks are hers. Everything, with her, is on the level, and above board. Her crew on "Waterloo Bridge" reversed precedent and gave her a party instead of *vice versa*. That gesture opened a lot of people's eyes in Hollywood. Vivien Leigh is genuinely liked by everyone she works with. She is, in every sense of the word, a clever girl. At the San Francisco opening of "Romeo And Juliet," a stranger was talking to her about Laurence Olivier's performance in the play. "I always thought of Mr. Olivier as a much larger man. On the stage he appeared



Len Weissman

Know her? She's Marguerite Churchill, your old favorite who retired when she married George O'Brien, above. George goes right on making Westerns.



*In the heart of the jungle...
she found her heart's desire!*

DOUGLAS

FAIRBANKS, Jr.

MADELEINE CARROLL

SAFARI

...LOVE...ADVENTURE AND JUNGLE THRILLS



A Paramount Picture with

TULLIO CARMINATI • MURIEL ANGELUS
LYNNE OVERMAN • BILLY GILBERT

DIRECTED BY EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Based on a Story by Paul Hervey Fox



LYNNE OVERMAN as the canny Scot
who doesn't give a "hoot" about women!

WHY is Joan Crawford being so secretive about the baby she has living in her home? Why did she deny a child was living there at all until the baby's crying was heard by too many people to be dubbed "imagination" any longer? Why doesn't Joan want to announce she has adopted a baby? Despite her forced announcement that the child belongs to a friend and was only there temporarily, weeks stretch on and on and, still, I've found, the valet service which administers to tots that age continues to call at Joan's house daily. They have been given no inkling that their services will soon be terminated. No one seems to have met the visiting mother. Infants that age aren't usually house guests all on their own. Insiders insist that the baby, if not already, will soon be adopted by Joan.

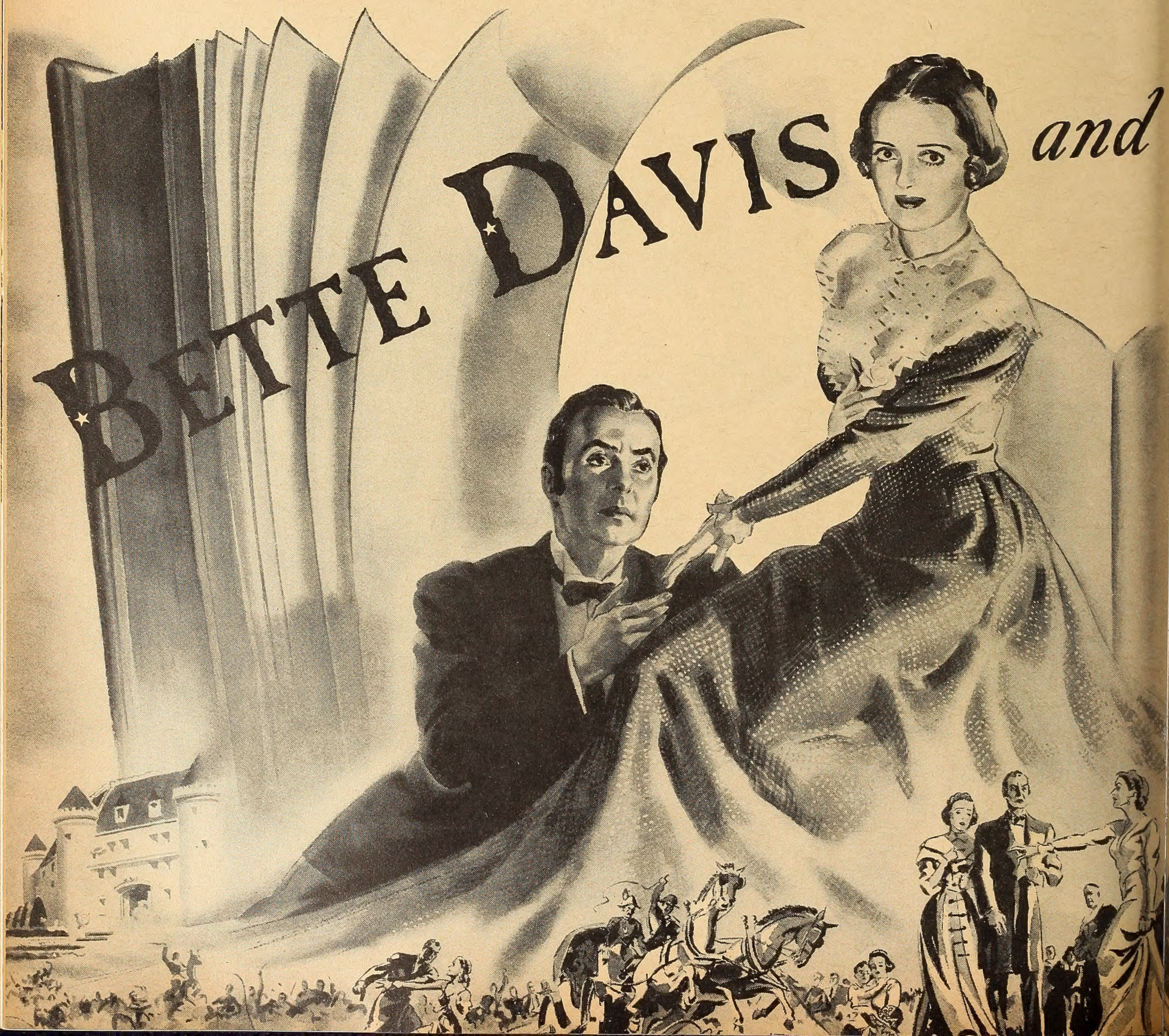
HERE'S a story of a seemingly impossible mutual admiration society. It is certainly the most unpublicized friendship in all of Hollywood. These two men never met until they were established screen stars. They admired each other's work for years and finally were introduced by a mutual friend. Their respective screen careers are poles apart. One has a particu-

larly punchy dramatic sense. The other is the screen's foremost dancer. You've probably guessed by now that it's Jimmy Cagney and Fred Astaire I'm talking about. They want to make a picture together, but each one insists that the other's particular forte is what they want to portray on the screen. Cagney wants to be able to dance with Astaire, but, also, as well as he does; and Astaire wants to swap dramatic punches in the inimitable Cagney style. There isn't a producer willing to take a chance on these two in the kind of rôles they'd like to play.

HENRY FONDA does nothing by halves. He studied painting so diligently for a number of years that just recently he was able to do the murals that decorate the walls of his daughter's room, and by the way, they're not bad. Then he tackled a bigger job, and actually did very satisfactory portraits of his children. But Hank still didn't know enough about painting. He kept on studying. All through the making of his last picture he hurried home from the set twice a week to take a lesson in cleaning and restoring antique canvases. The Fondas have gathered a number of old pictures that need a restorer's attention

badly. On their last vacation they bought nothing but old canvases that might prove valuable. When Hank has mastered his training course, no one will restore the works of art but himself.

ROSEMARY LANE'S ambition has made everyone conscious of how hard that girl works to try to make herself acceptable and fit for good movie rôles. Her only interest in life is to make herself a success. When Priscilla, whose attitude is so very different from her sister's, refused to be bothered with traveling around the state on a Warner Brother's publicity junket, Rosemary was only too glad to accept. She charmed everyone she met, and made a most favorable impression, as always. Rosemary studies acting technique religiously. She diets, she exercises, she studies voice. She works twice as hard as Priscilla and still she hasn't been able to prove she's worth a real break. It makes you wonder just which is the right attitude to take toward Hollywood success. It makes you wonder if there's such a thing as trying *too* hard. If Rosemary's big chance in "The Boys from Syracuse" puts her over, she'll be rewarded for all her sincerity.



CLARK GABLE has more men friends in Hollywood than other actors because he hasn't forgotten all about the leaner days now that he has his success. He's never forgotten anyone who helped him then. A dozen or more years ago he made the daily rounds of every casting office in town. He became particularly friendly with the casting director at the old Universal Studios. After Clark's query of "Got anything today?" they always exchanged a few friendly words. Clark's success finally took him out of contact with his friend, but he never forgot him. Just recently, that same man happened to be present on the bustling set of an important Gable picture. He realized how far Gable had gone since the old days, and he wondered if Clark would recognize him. Before he knew it, someone tapped him on the shoulder and jokingly asked in the same anxious voice of those lean extra days, "Got anything today?" He didn't forget!

OLDTIMERS who still happen to be on the Hollywood scene are taking a merciless ribbing at most of our gay night spots these days. All the popular clubs now have movies, shown on small portable

screens, as part of the evening's entertainment. The more old-fashioned and the more hammy the acting in these old melodramas, the greater hit they make. If the stars of those old days happen to be present they are good-naturedly panned to a fare-thee-well. Somehow, after a whole day of movie making, pictures can still entertain picture people. No spot in the world is as conscious of the entertainment value of movies as Hollywood. In truth, it's only good business to set the example for all the rest of the country. At Ciro's you get the hottest sports flashes by way of the screen. At other clubs, especially good short subjects are shown to great appreciation. The Derby gives you some idea of what television entertainment will be like by having the first television screen installed. Patrons get every television broadcast in the vicinity free with their lunch or dinner.

THE BEST sight of the month: To see Ray Milland arranging with a taxi driver to take him for a ride with his new son. Ray called for his heir at the hospital and took him home himself. Now he hires a taxi so he can personally hold him in his arms when they go out to take the air.

SPRING BYINGTON has invented a new wrinkle for more safety in night driving. It is a gauntlet for the left arm made of alternate stripes of brilliant gold and red sequins. The driver behind you can't miss your arm signal.

IN THE wee small hours of the night, not long ago, the telephone of a very well known Hollywood columnist jangled insistently and when the phone was answered a strange woman's voice cackled that she had astounding news. She said she had just seen Bette Davis boarding a plane with a handsome man. She insisted they were bound for some quick marriage spot and wondered what her scoop would be worth to the columnist. After a lot of arguing the two were about to get together on a price when the woman calling changed her voice, broke into a hilarious laugh. It turned out to be Bette Davis herself. "There is about as much truth in the story I just told you as there was in what you printed about me the other day. I'll teach you to say things about Davis that aren't true!" It was Bette's good-natured idea of a reprimand and practical joke. The columnist solemnly promised never to malign her again.

CHARLES BOYER

"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO"

From the World-Applauded Novel By

Rachel Field

IN ALL ITS GLORY, with the full fire of its deep-stirring story, this beloved best-seller sweeps to the summit of screen achievement! And *never* have its stars come to you so immeasurably magnificent, or brought you a drama that touches so close to your heart. You will, of course, see it!

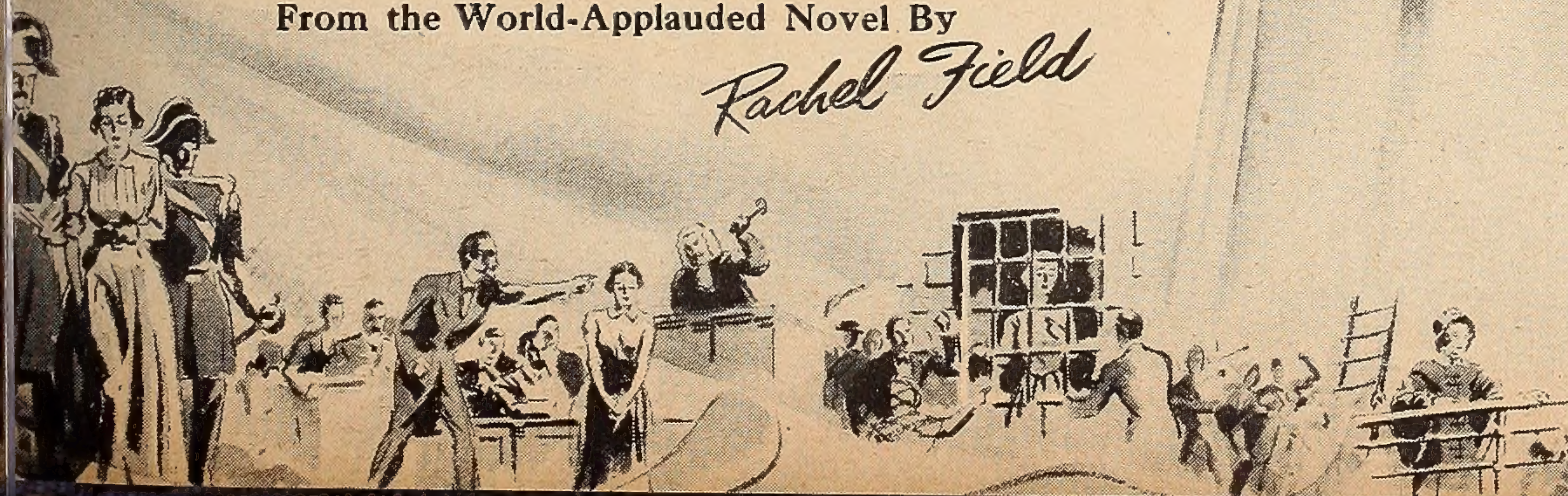
Especially distinguished in the supporting cast of this new WARNER BROS. Success, are

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BARBARA O'NEIL

Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK
PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture





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ANOTHER MONTH
before using Tampax**

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

DO YOU REMEMBER how free and unhindered you were as a girl of twelve? What would you give to feel that way again? Would you give a month's trial to Tampax? It would mean the end of all your pin-and-belt troubles, for sure!

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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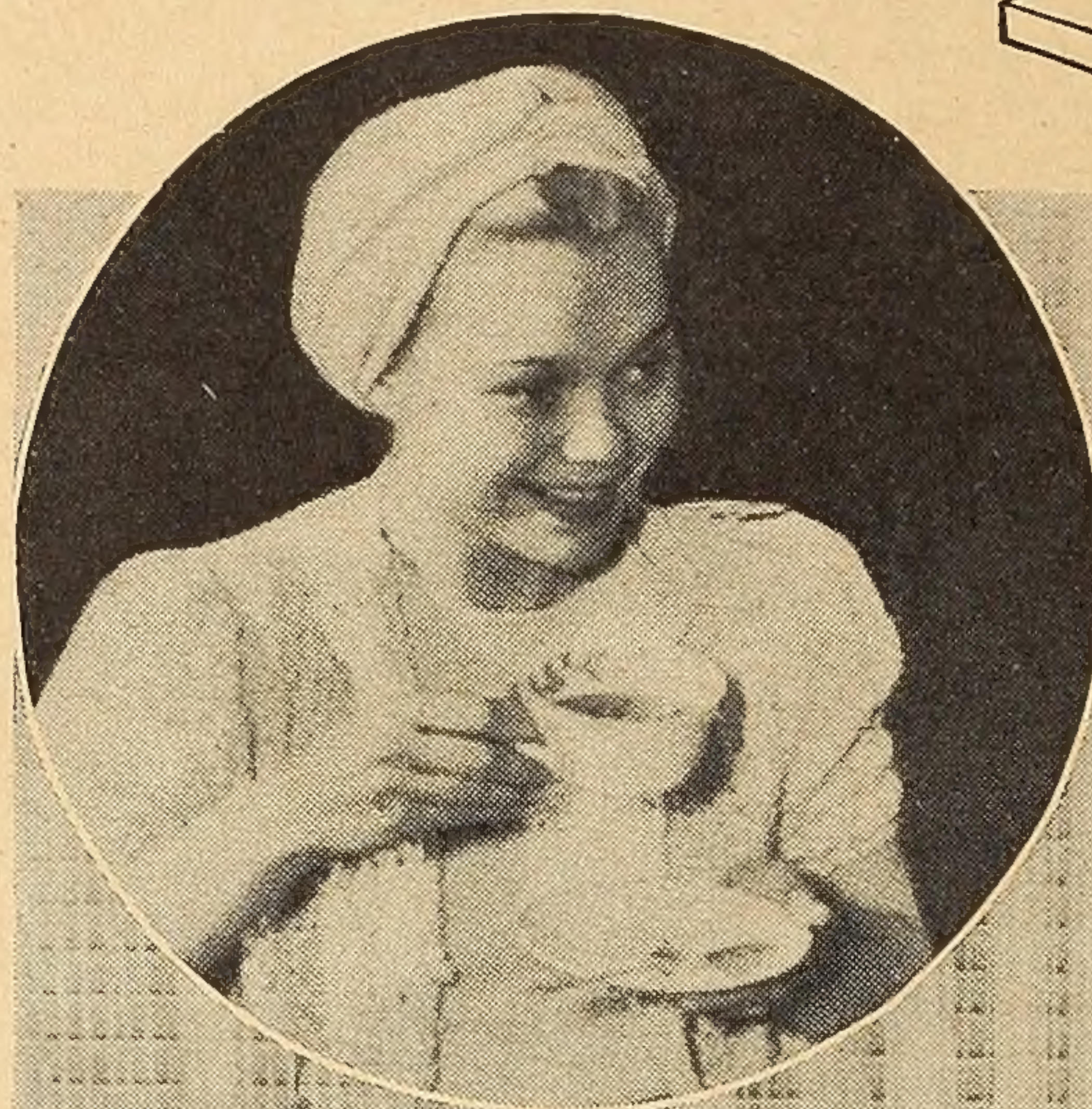
Address _____

City _____ State _____

By
**Betty
Boone**

Inside the Stars' Homes

Attention, brides! Read how Jane Wyman, (Mrs. Ronald Reagan), entertains in her new home



"I'M USING some of my wedding present silver," Jane Wyman pointed out, as she poured tea from a graceful silver pot. A silver cream jug and sugar bowl were set on a silver tray. "I adore silver, especially old pieces. We have a lovely compote on the buffet in the dining room that delights me—are you an antique snooper, like me? I love to track down really good old pieces—I found my crystal candelabra in Philadelphia, where you get wonderful bargains. The antique shops out here are too expensive for the bred-in-the-bone antique hunter; half the fun is in getting a prize for the well-known song."

Jane—who is Mrs. Ronnie Reagan in private life—had just come in from a day's golfing, and still glowed with sun and exercise. The yellow of her turban and summer sweater was no brighter than the sunshine in her "apartment with a view." Her home is brand new, as a bride's should be, set high on a Hollywood hillside overlooking the beginning of Beverly Hills, its light

walls reflecting the brightness of the day.

"I think colors are so important," observed my hostess. "One of the first things we bought were the yellow love seats because yellow makes you happy. We can put them together if we like, but we seldom do—Ronnie has the one by his pipe rack and I have the one by my knitting bag." The love seats are set before the white mantel, where the fireplace contains a low bookcase now that summer's here, within easy reach of two pairs of readers' hands.

"Tea is so refreshing! I couldn't do without it. I must have a cup after my evening meal—not with it, but after it, or I don't feel right. Then if I get just one sip, I'm fine. Ronnie isn't a tea hound, but he likes it iced, with cherries in it, or one mint straw. These little biscuits are a specialty of the house. My cook has the lightest hand with dough! She takes one cup of flour, two tablespoons of Royal baking powder, one heaping tablespoon of butter or Crisco, and she works it with a fork, never touches



Modern "Young Marrieds" are Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Reagan—she's Jane Wyman of the films; and you see her, above, softly playing a love song to her handsome husband's picture. Facing page, she pours tea from her gift silver.

it with her fingers until she's ready to roll it out, then she rolls it lightly, and cuts it with a thimble, puts a dab of butter on each round and bakes them. They come out ready buttered."

Jane doesn't cook, because she never has time, but she used to be the kind of cook—in high school days—who never knows exact measurements, but tastes as she goes. An intuitive cook.

"We had an old southern mammy at our house for years while I was little," she explained, "and she could turn out the most luscious dishes with a handful of this, a portion of that, a pinch of the other. She always cooked things with onion, if she could; I suppose that's why I'm such an onion fiend—I could eat them three times a day, if I let myself go, and then my poor husband would come home and not be able to draw a free breath. Our old mammy used to cut up her chicken and prepare it for baking as usual, then put it in a Dutch oven, the white meat first—in a little water, of course—the rest piled up into a pyramid, and then she'd put slices of onion all around the sides of the dish and bake. When it was done, it was ready to fall apart and the onion flavor was all through it, though she didn't serve the onions."

The real specialty of the Reagan ménage is stuffed pork chops. No matter what the weather, their guests clamor for that dish, which Jane serves with fried pineapple. "But a hostess must draw the line in really hot weather," laughed Jane, "so tonight we are having roast of lamb instead. Did you ever try serving your roast lamb with pears? We take canned pear halves and pin them to the roast with toothpicks and stick them full of cloves, and are they good? We often do the same thing with slices of canned pineapple on ham."

(Please turn to page 80)



What every motorist should know

When you drive, take along some Beech-Nut Gum. It's always refreshing and restful, especially when you get tired or tense. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds:

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Tagging the Talkies



Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Safari—Paramount

There's never a dull moment in this romantic and adventurous story which has the tropics as its setting. It's well-acted and has plenty of excitement. Madeleine Carroll, who accompanies her Baron, Tullio Carminati, on safari, falls in love with the guide, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It almost results in Doug losing his life, as planned by the enraged Baron who wounds a leopard, knowing Doug will go after it. Despite all this, it is pleasant.



Twenty Mule Team—M-G-M

Wallace Beery is at his best in the rôle of the blustering mule skinner of this story. It is set in Death Valley in the 1890's when the borax industry was in its infancy and twenty mule teams were used to pull wagon loads of borax across the desert—and that's where one of the oldest trade marks originated. It's a well-done Western and the strange, picturesque beauty of Death Valley has been effectively photographed. Leo Carrillo in cast.



Saturday's Children—Warners

A comedy drama about the every-day problems of a young married couple struggling to maintain a home against hard times. John Garfield is excellent as the bewildered husband; Anne Shirley gives a sympathetic performance as the wife in this domestic rumpus; and Claude Rains is good as the father who tries suicide in his effort to help them. It's a human, entertaining story. Lee Patrick, Roscoe Karns, Dennie Moore in cast.



Saps At Sea—Hal Roach-United Artists

If you've enjoyed Laurel-Hardy comedies in the past, you'll go for this one, too. It contains their usual zany brand of slapstick and tells about their adventures as yachtsmen. When Ollie goes berserk at the sound of horns, he's ordered to take a sea voyage. Ben Turpin's also in the cast as the handy-man responsible for the radio freezing over and the refrigerator playing music. Dick Cramer good as the escaped killer who hides out on their boat.



Two Girls On Broadway—M-G-M

An entertaining back-stage musical romance in which George Murphy, small town vaudeville hooper who's engaged to his dancing partner, Joan Blondell, falls for her kid sister, Lana Turner, when they arrive on Broadway to join him in a song and dance act. Joan fails to make the grade and George, teamed with the younger, more alluring girl, falls for her. Murphy's dancing is tops, and he and Lana make a good team. Joan gives an excellent performance as the older sister.



One Million B. C.—
Hal Roach-United Artists

A prehistoric melodrama about people living in the year 1,000,000 B. C. A simple tale of the romance of a son of a tribe of killers, Victor Mature, and a daughter of a more gentle race, Carole Landis. In all but one or two scenes, pantomime takes the place of dialogue. Magical camera effects are achieved with dinosaurs' battles, earthquakes, erupting volcanoes. Mature, Landis, Lon Chaney, Jr., and others of cast good.



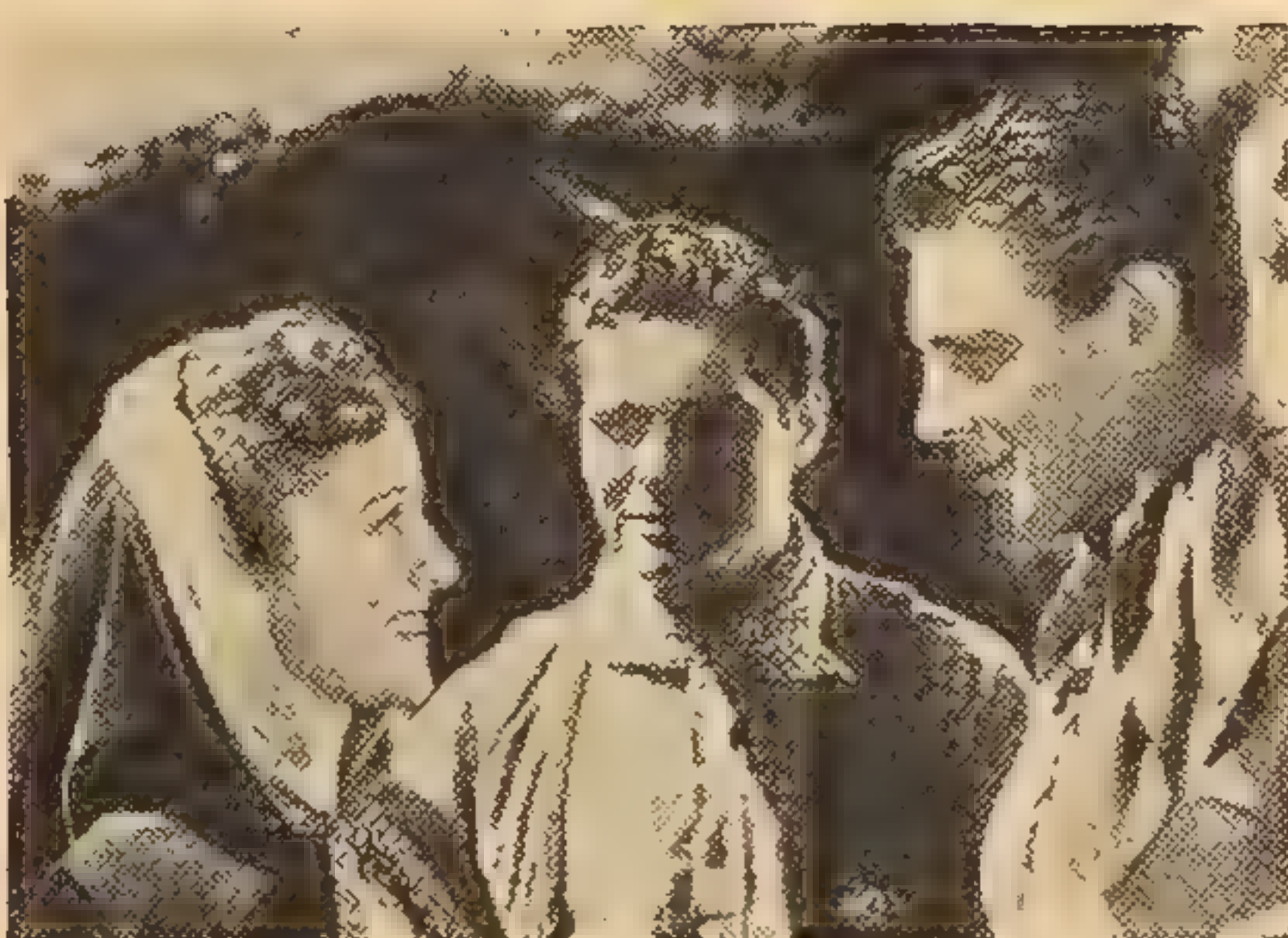
Down Went McGinty—Paramount

This riotous burlesque on corrupt politics and dishonest public officials, with its rowdy rallies, is the story of the rise and fall of *Dan McGinty*, related by *Dan* (Brian Donlevy) himself from behind a bar in Latin America where he fled after his downfall. It's Donlevy's first leading rôle and he puts *McGinty* over with a bang. Akim Tamiroff gives an A-1 performance as the political boss; Muriel Angelus charming in rôle of *Mrs. McGinty*.



Curtain Call—RKO-Radio

The antics and mugging of Alan Mowbray, harassed stage director, and Donald MacBride, whose brilliant ideas backfire, make this amusing. They try to hold their star, Helen Vinson, by buying an amateur's (Barbara Read) play, hoping she'll refuse to appear in it, making it impossible for her to go with another producer. To their surprise, she likes the play and insists on doing it. The picture has enough gag lines to help it over its weak spots.



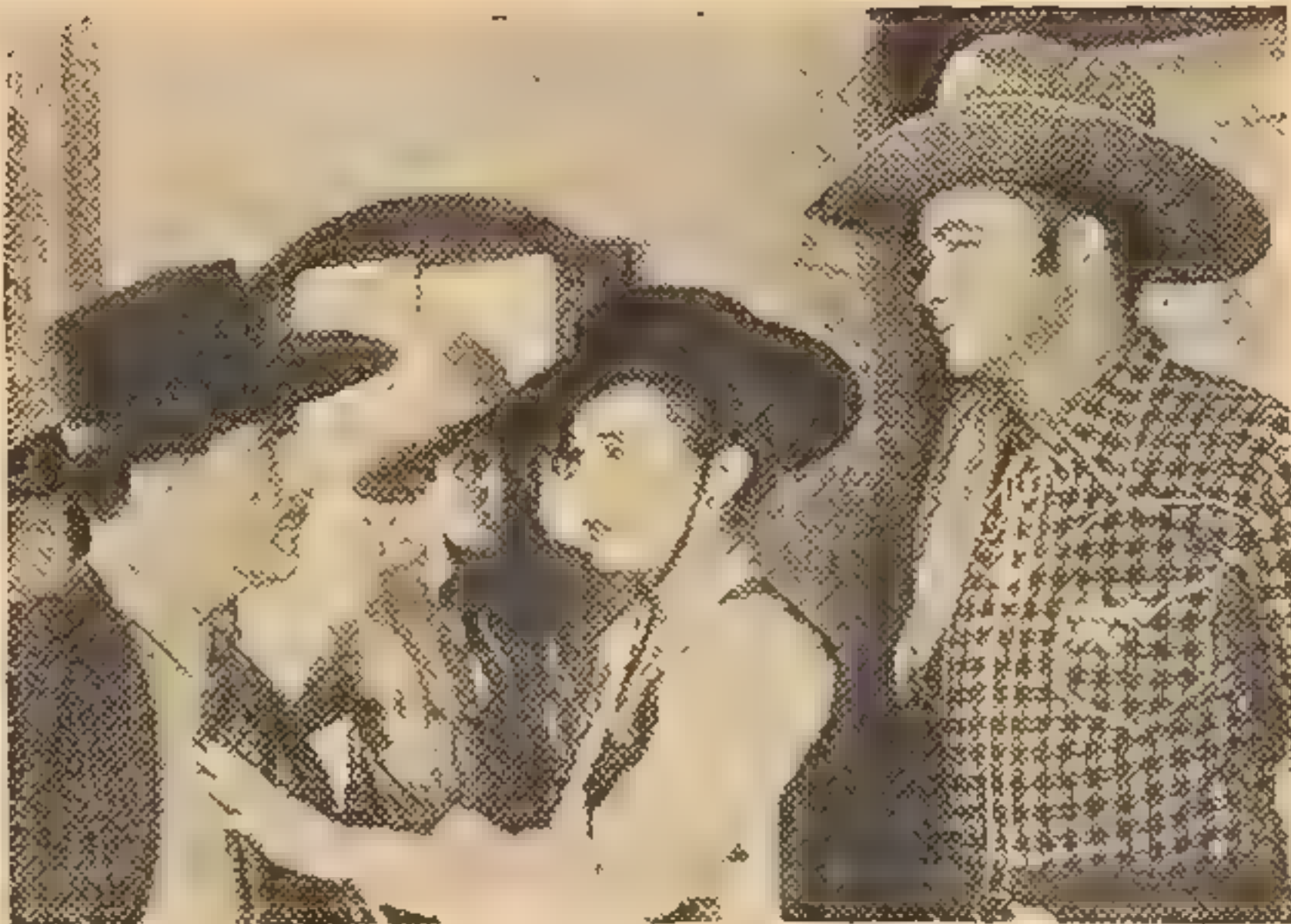
Covered Wagon Days—Republic

The Three Mesquiteers ride again—and *how* they ride—in this fast-moving horse opera in which Mesquiteers Bob Livingstone, Raymond Hatton, and Duncan Renaldo capture the criminals guilty of smuggling silver across the border. They help rescue an innocent man from being lynched by putting the finger on the real killer, one of the smugglers who murdered to gain possession of a mine. The Mesquiteers' escape from a blasted mine is exciting.



Gacho Serenade—Republic

Another fine Western with singing cowboy Gene Autry. Gene, with the help of Smiley Burnette, June Storey and Mary Lee, ride and sing and do their usual good deed by aiding the innocent victim of a false embezzlement charge and balking the plans of the real culprits from kidnapping his young son. The tune-ful number, *Gacho Serenade*, is rendered by Gene, and the inimitable Smiley gives you *The Wooing of Kitty MacFuty*, a comic song.



Cowboy from Sundown—Monogram

This Western may click with Tex Ritter fans, but it's doubtful if it will appeal to any other audience. True, it has plenty of action—fighting and hard-riding, but it just doesn't measure up to the average Westerns or to Tex's past performances. Tex is cast as a sheriff who has trouble with the ranchers when he tries to quarantine their cattle to keep an epidemic of hoof and mouth disease from spreading. Roscoe Ates is amusing as *Gloomy*.

ANN SHERIDAN starring in the new Warner Bros. picture "**TORRID ZONE**"...with make-up by Perc Westmore.



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Lovelier Face

"UNDER THE SUN"

**WESTMORE
FOUNDATION CREAM**



1. Helps protect your skin from sun and wind
2. Lasts through work and play
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With Westmore Powder to match...
for that enviable, velvety-smooth look!

Under this summer's sun look your loveliest with the make-up we created for Hollywood stars. Be protected, too, against sun and wind. In four glowing tones at your drug or department store, with other Westmore cosmetics to complete an alluring make-up. 50¢ each. Smaller sizes at variety stores.

SEND FOR "Westmore's Make-up Guide"—gives you the make-up pattern for your particular face type—just as it's used for the star of your type! Send 25¢ to House of Westmore, Inc., 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (Dept. F-7.)



House of **WESTMORE**
HOLLYWOOD



SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE



A deep obeisance to a most lovely lady, Miss Anna Neagle, whose grace, good looks, and gaiety make the musical movie, "Irene," a joy to eye and ear

SO THIS is the actress who played *Queen Victoria* and *Nurse Cavell*—this lilting, laughing, lithe creature whose charms turn "Irene" from a routine musical into a sparkling show! Yes, this is Anna Neagle, who revives the good old theatrical phrase, "An actress of versatility," and sets a pace for other stars to follow.

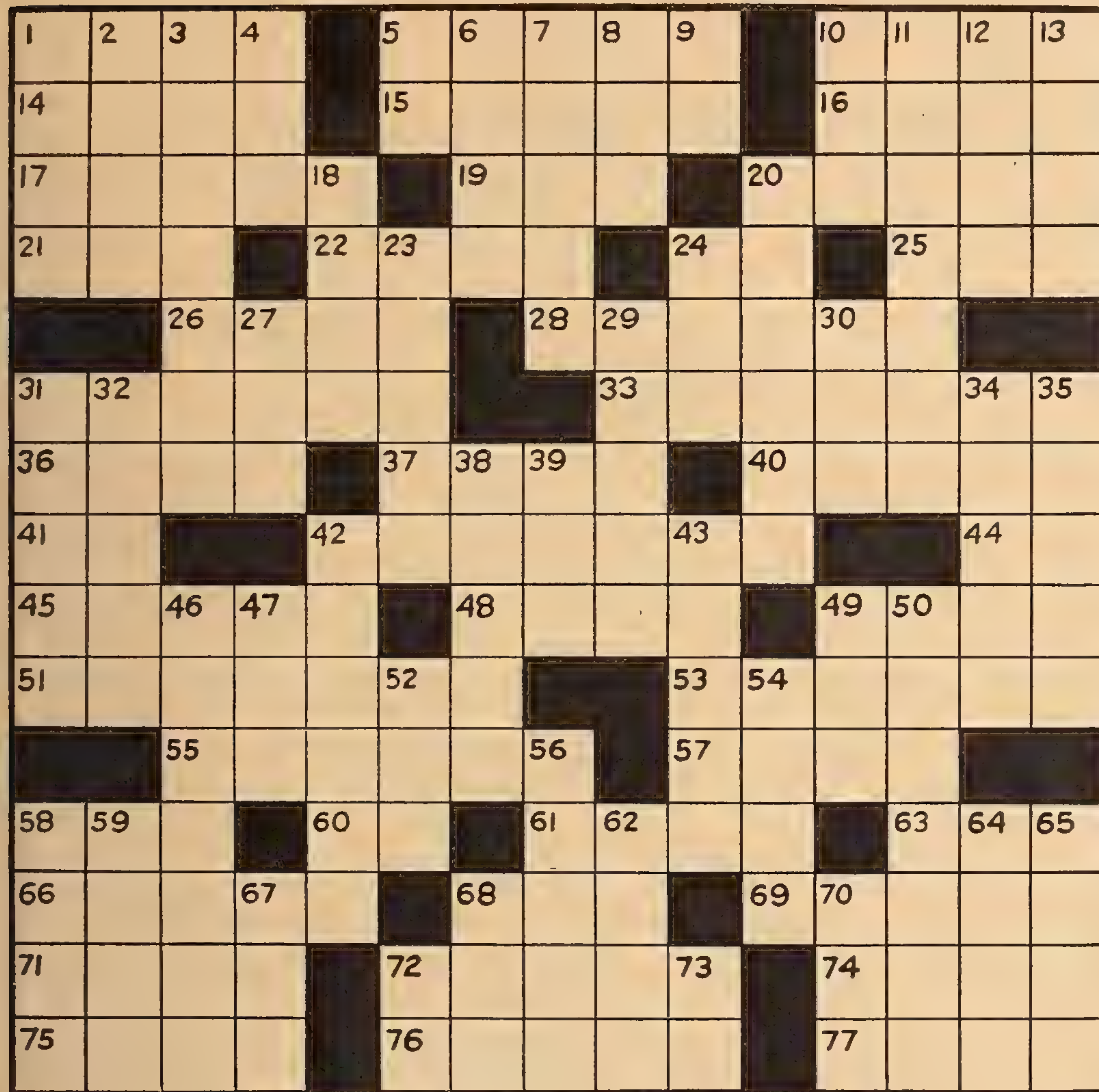


Ray Milland, Anna Neagle in "Irene."

RKO-Radio
—Herbert
Wilcox

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. He co-stars in "Too Many Husbands"
5. Co-star of "Strange Cargo"
10. He's famous for horror roles
14. Greasy
15. Ingénue in "French Without Tears"
16. Dry
17. To shed blood
19. Seamstress do this
20. Scrap or tatter
21. "Saps at - - -," a Laurel and Hardy comedy
22. Blackface radio comedian
24. Liquid measure (abbrev.)
25. Donkey
26. Title
28. He's featured in "Our Town"
31. Star of "Seventeen"
33. He dances in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
36. Injured
37. An amorous look
40. Untrimmed at margins (said of books' pages)
41. "- - All Came True," with Ann Sheridan
42. Olivia de Havilland's rôle in "Gone With the Wind"
44. Mid-western state (abbrev.)
45. Weird
48. Formerly (poetic)
49. Black
51. He's married to Florence Eldridge
53. This star is Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
55. Gives birth to (Biblical)
57. A gangster's girl (slang)
58. Female sheep
60. Prefix
61. List of players in a movie
63. Limb
66. "A Day at the - - - -," a Marx Brothers film

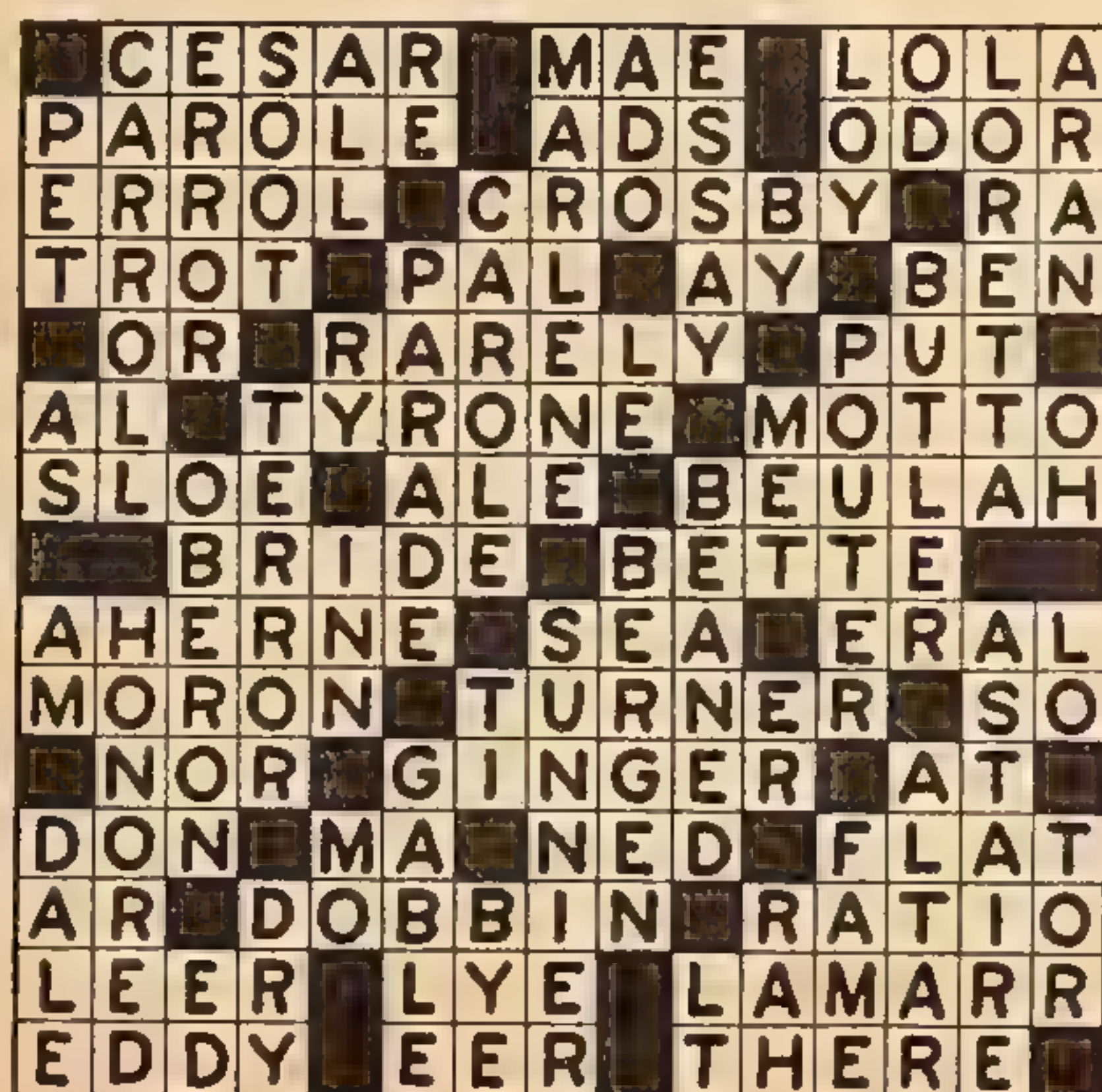
68. One of Lillian Russell's husbands in the film about her
69. Conscious of
71. Heroine in "Nick Carter in Panama"
72. Her new one is "All This, and Heaven Too"
74. To give forth
75. What every extra hopes to become
76. To come into
77. What you see a movie with

DOWN

1. Watch-pockets
2. Irritate (slang)
3. She dances in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
4. Some stars use this on their hair
5. Goddess of earth
6. Too
7. To consecrate
8. Dr. Kildare
9. Printer's measure
10. Exclamation of annoyance
11. Irregular, eccentric
12. Falsehoods
13. Totals
18. A lady
20. A piece of sculpture
23. Star of "'Til We Meet Again"
24. Infected matter
27. Likely
29. Mountain lakes
30. Sped
31. Main; principal
32. External
34. Unfounded report
35. Short jackets
38. To select by vote
39. Part of the head
42. Unites
43. Details

46. Film success with Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine
47. A small fish
49. Wing of a house
50. He's featured in "His Girl Friday"
52. Plural ending
54. Greek letter
56. He's featured in "Virginia City"
58. Makes mistakes
59. To linger in expectation
62. Poker stake
64. One of the Great Lakes
65. Obtains
67. Ever (poetic)
68. Small room
70. Tiny
72. Exist
73. Syllable of hesitation

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



New Advance in FEMININE HYGIENE



Gives
Hours of
Protection

Safe • No Caustic • No Poison • No Burning

Everywhere fastidious women are adopting this new, amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene! Not only to kill germs on contact, but to enjoy continuous protection hours longer — without injury to delicate tissue.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow white, greaseless suppositories spread a deep reaching protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria at contact. To cleanse thoroughly. To deodorize—not by masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful *continuous-action* suppositories... gentle, safe for delicate tissue. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn or irritate. Help promote gentle healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors today at drug-gists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

FREE

revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope, write Zonitors, 1709 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

Zonitors

**WANTED
300 GIRLS**

To try NIX, the amazing NEW Deodorant Cream, FREE if not delighted. NIX stops perspiration; ends all underarm odor. NIX is GUARANTEED to protect your clothes from underarm stains and strong, stale odors. A jar of NIX lasts weeks. Used by thousands. Get NIX today at 10c stores. Large Jar NIX 10c. Extra large jar 25c.

FREE: Ask for sample new NIX Bleach Cream at stores. NIX Bleach Cream is the NEW amazing skin lightener. Large jar only 10c.

**.. AND I USED TO BE SUCH
A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS**



**Look at
the Fat
I've Lost!**

Now you may slim down your face and figure without starvation dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take Marmola under the conditions and according to directions on the package.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not a cure-all. Marmola is only for adult fat persons whose fatness is caused by a thyroid deficiency (hypothyroidism) but who are otherwise normal and healthy. We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. Why not try to lose those ugly, uncomfortable pounds the Marmola way? Get a box of Marmola today from your druggist.

Darryl F. Zanuck's PRODUCTION OF

LILLIAN RUSSELL

ALICE DON HENRY
FAYE • AMECHE • FONDA

Edward *Warren* *Leo*
ARNOLD • WILLIAM • CARRILLO

Helen Westley • Dorothy Peterson
Ernest Truex • Nigel Bruce • Claude
Allister • Lynn Bari • Weber & Fields
Eddie Foy, Jr. • Una O'Connor
Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by Irving Cummings
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by William Anthony McGuire
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

The woman whose
beauty and glamor had
the world at her feet!
Diamond Jim Brady
showered her with jewels!
Bankers, industrialists,
the smart and the famous
lost their hearts to her!
Out of the fascinating
story of her life and her
loves, Darryl F. Zanuck
has created one of the real-
ly great motion pictures!

Songs!

Old . . .

"After the Ball is Over",
"Rosie, You Are My Posie",
"The Band Played On"
("Strawberry Blond"),
"My Evening Star".

New . . .

"Adored One", "Blue Love
Bird".



An Open Letter to BOB HOPE

The Editor's Page



Hope, top radio and screen comic, takes it on that chin of his in this Open Letter. Do you agree that Bob has a public duty to perform? That he should take more pains and give more laughs? Watch for his new picture, "The Ghost Breakers." Then he and Crosby, not to mention Dorothy Lamour, will make a sequel to their popular "Road to Singapore"—another tropical tuneshow called "South of Samoa."

DEAR MR. HOPE:

While there's life there's, etc. That means you! At the moment you seem to be the White Hope—oops, sorry!—among screen and radio comedians. Certainly you're making more people laugh more loudly more often than any other actor in years. I am one of those people, could you hear me? Trouble is, there's so much guffawing going on we can't hear the jokes. The minute you step before a microphone and open your mouth and jut that chin of yours, we start howling, we simply expire from mirth, we're rolling up and down radio studio aisles. Is that bad? Yes, I think so.

For this reason, Mr. Hope—and how I wish I could put that quaver in my voice that Judy Garland has in hers when she coos, "Mr. Hope"—that you could be so very, very much funnier than you are. You could become, I think, a really great comedian. You bring to screen and air waves a quality no other funny man has ever brought—a combination of personable appeal and sly sophistication. Fred Allen is funny; Jack Benny likewise—but they're not as pretty as you are. And you're more clever than Crosby,

cuter than Kyser. There would be no limit to the heights you could scale and sit on permanently IF you just would take a little more pains with your material. You're slovenly, Hope, and I don't mean your clothes. You have a bad habit of pretending you have been too busy to read your radio script until the second you go on the air; then you profess yourself amazed, appalled, and revolted by the old gags about the weather and Bing's horses. Can it be you really don't bother reading your scripts? Anyway, it's an old line, and I wish you'd either read the scripts and blue-pencil 'em, or write the gags yourself. Or maybe you do? The point is, you have let yourself in for a big responsibility by working us into hysteria; we're hanging on your words and I hope you won't let us down. Regards to Brenda and Cobina, and oh yes,—Yehudi.

Delight Evans



It may all be in the business interests of their new co-starring picture, "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"—but that's a sweet, soulful look Judy Garland is giving Mickey Rooney at Coconut Grove.



Rudy Vallee admires beautiful girls, especially brunettes, so it's no surprise to see him gazing appreciatively at Priscilla Lawson, the ex-Mrs. Alan Curtis, at dinner at the Ambassador.



Since she divorced Tony Martin, Alice Faye has been seen ever so frequently with Sandy Cummings, son of director Irving Cummings. Right, Alan Curtis is Ilona Massey's current favorite escort.

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Sonja Henie looks radiantly happy, above, as she greets Hedda Hopper at the Hal Roach party. Reason: Sonja's best beau, Dan Topping, millionaire playboy, whom it's rumored the little skater will wed.

Cutest of all Hollywood couples: "Jimmie" and Jackie Cooper. They're "going steady," with no one more pleased about it than Jackie's very nice ma, Mrs. Mabel Bigelow.

Romance runs riot in screenland this merry summer season—see the cooing twosomes here for latest lowdown on who's whose, at least as we skip to press!

All Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman, exclusive to SCREENLAND



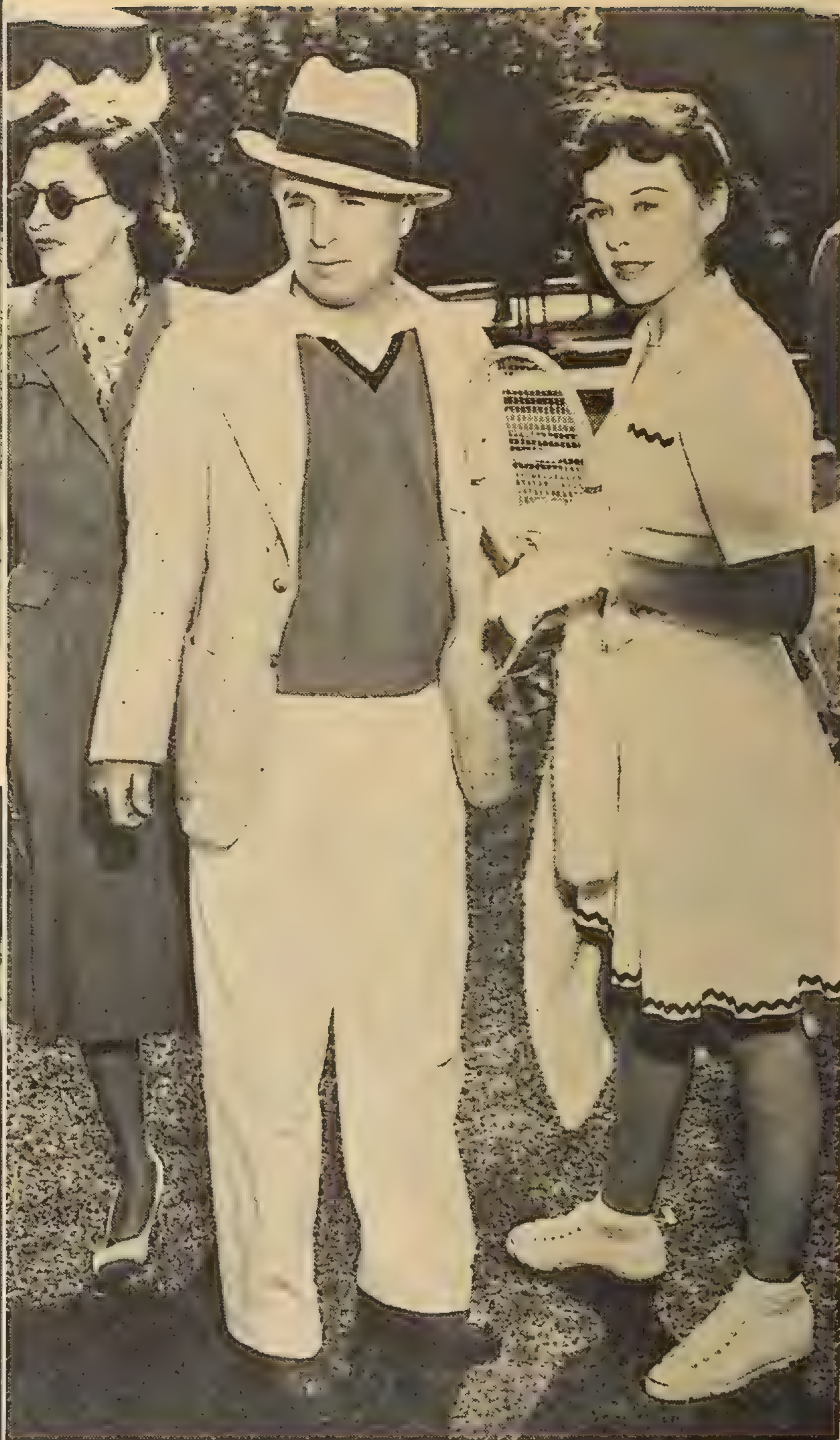
Their engagement officially announced, Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye, M-G-M art director, beam as they take a bow at movie preview. Left: look at Deanna's new hair-do! Same boy friend, though—Vaughn Paul.



Wally Beery, taking his little daughter, Carol Ann, to the Cocoanut Grove for the first time, points out celebrities—but she's interested only in when-do-we-eat.



At gala preview of their picture, "Irene," in Hollywood, producer Herbert Wilcox and his star, Anna Neagle, entertain the Ray Millands. Ray is leading man in film.



Tennis matches for the British war relief fund brought out cinema celebrities both as performers and spectators. Charlie Chaplin was on hand to watch Paulette Goddard play, and Mrs. Lewis Milestone, wife of the director, joined their party.

Those proud new parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland, have their first evening's outing since their son was born, with Loretta Young saying "So-o-o-o big!" as she describes the Milland heir to Cesar Romero. Loretta, Ray's co-star in "Doctor Takes A Wife," is baby's godmother. They're pictured at Cocoanut Grove taking in the ice show.



If it isn't tennis, it's polo—to bring out the famous filmites such as Myrna Loy and her husband, producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Here they are at the Midwick polo game.



Try to keep Bing Crosby away from any sports event! Here he is at the ball game with grand character comedian Bill Frawley. Don't miss Bing's sporty jacket—what will Robert Burns say about *this* one? The next Crosby film, "Ghost Music," co-stars Mary Martin.

Rudy Vallee goes picture-shooting for stars with his own movie camera and catches up with Mickey Rooney at the charity tennis matches held at the Ambassador Hotel courts.



Dinner
with

Garbo!

Garbo's favorite dinner partner, Dr. Gáyelord Hauser, in informal and formal poses, right.

So you think she never eats—anything but raw carrots! So you believe she never laughs—except for pictures! You're in for a pleasant shock when you read this off-the-record account of a real evening with Greta Garbo

By Elizabeth Wilson



THE last person I ever expected to meet that Saturday night in April was Greta Garbo. I couldn't have been more surprised. For years I have wanted to meet her. But Garbo is the one Hollywood star who really *has* a private life. She entertains, she receives, she interviews—no one. Innumerable legends have grown out of the impenetrability of her private life. Her very name evokes mystery. The odds were a million to one on my meeting Garbo. And I've never even won at bingo.

Now I have been up to my ears in celebrities for a long time, and it has always been my proud boast that I can take the great and glamorous in my stride. But not Garbo. She was the exception. I dropped so many dimes in Wishing Wells, wishing to meet Garbo, that it's a wonder I'm not a charity case. Why, I even used to lie awake nights thinking up brilliant bits of dialogue I would dazzle Miss Garbo with, following our introduction. Well, when I finally did meet her I was just about as brilliant as Mortimer Snerd.

"It will be a Southern dinner," my host said over the phone. "Baked ham, candied yams, black-eyed peas—"

"Black-eyed peas," I gurgled in a gourmet's delight—I might mention that I come from *Scarlett O'Hara's* neighborhood—"Honey chile, I'll be there." Not a word about Garbo. Later he explained that he didn't tell me because he wanted me to act-natural. The lug. I couldn't have acted more *unnatural*.

The dinner was served buffet, and I was just diving into the black-eyed peas when the door opened and into that beautiful candle-lighted dining room walked—Garbo. As casually as if it were a little something she did every evening. I took one look. And froze. Everything went blank. And at my age too. They tell me that I did a "double take" that was a scream. They tell me that I opened my mouth and forgot to close it, which must have given Miss Garbo the impression that she was dining with an idiot. They tell me that I dropped my fork with a loud clatter on my plate and sent shivers down the spines of china-lovers. I only remember that I had to sit down quickly because my knees were shaking. And that of all the perfectly poised people I have seen in my life, on two continents, Miss Greta Garbo was the most

delightfully at ease. I remember thinking, "*She's* supposed to be shy. Not me. *She's* supposed to have an inferiority complex. Not me. Something's wrong somewhere."

How long I was in my own private fog I don't know but when I regained consciousness, or semi-consciousness, I found myself sitting across from Garbo and telling her, with great seriousness, about a recent front-page murderer—who conked somebody on the bean with a hammer.

"What is conk?" asked Garbo. "Is it like clink?"

"No," I explained. "When you conk a person on the head with a hammer you *land* in the clink."

Miss Garbo, I may say, had the goodness to laugh at my feeble effort at humor. Which is more than my half-witted friends at the table did. I thought, in utter disgust with myself, "For years I have longed for the opportunity of talking with Garbo. There are millions of things I want to ask her. And I sit here like a prize dope teaching her slang. Remind me to slit my throat."

Garbo bit down on a red pepper. "Is food in the South hot like this?" she asked, reaching hastily for a glass of water. Someone suggested beer. "I understand it now," she said with one of her wonderful laughs, "you make the food hot so you will have an excuse for drinking much beer."

I explained to her that the black-eyed peas were not really cooked in the Southern manner despite our host's boast that it was a real Southern dinner—I'm sure I won't be invited back any (*Please turn to page 92*)

Love comes to Andy—again! Read his latest romantic adventures in sparkling novelette from new film starring Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, with Ann Rutherford, Diana Lewis, Lewis Stone, and others in the cast

Andy Hardy MEETS



"Restrain yourself until the sixth dance—Glamor Boy!" said DAPHNE FOWLER (Diana Lewis), New York debutante of the year, to ANDY HARDY (Mickey Rooney). At left: in desperation ANDY gave the adoring BETSY (Judy Garland) a hint of what he was going through. "You see, it's me against the city of New York," he said enigmatically.

ANDY HARDY was in love again. Of course he had been in love before, what man of seventeen hadn't? But this was different. This was real. This was what Tristan felt when he died for the fair Isolde, what Romeo endured for Juliet, what Abelard suffered for Heloise. Take all the emotion of all the great lovers of history and it would remain but a small part of the flutter in Andy's heart as he looked longingly at Daphne Fowler's pictures.

They were all somewhat alike, those pictures he had cut out of magazines and pasted in his botany book. In whatever mood the photographer had caught her there

was her smooth skin, which Andy knew must look like a gardenia, although he had never come any nearer to seeing a real gardenia than he had to seeing Daphne in the life. There was her mouth as flagrantly audacious as a poppy, her dark eyes languorous under slender brows, her hair curled back from her forehead and reaching down to the dimple in her shoulder.

Andy didn't need to see her to know how he felt about her. Her pictures had been enough to send his heart scooting after the stars. Andy had aimed high this time. He had fallen in love with New York's number one debutante, the glamor girl of the season.

It was at times like this Andy felt the need of a talk with his father, so he was glad of the opportunity to drive him to the orphanage when the message came that Judge Hardy was needed there.

"Dad," he said, "I been wanting to talk to you for

D-E-B-U-T-A-N-T-E

FICTIONIZED BY
**Elizabeth B.
Petersen**



"Andy Hardy Meets Debutante" is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture. Copyright 1940 by Loew's Inc. Cast, credits on page 26



POLLY BENEDICT (Ann Rutherford) looked at Andy gravely. "I don't think we ought to go together so steadily," she said. ANDY was so outraged he could only glare at her. Here she was taking the words right out of his mouth. At right: "I've problems of my own, son," said JUDGE HARDY (Lewis Stone), "but I'd like to help you if I can."

several days. You want me to be a success in life, don't you?"

"I certainly do," his father agreed.

"Is it true that every successful man has been married to a sophisticated woman?" Andy asked. "You know, a woman of the world?"

Judge Hardy took a quick glance at the boy beside him. "I hardly think so," he said.

"But it'd help, wouldn't it?" Andy was projecting himself into the future, seeing the problems that might beset Andy Hardy, self-made millionaire and husband of Daphne Fowler. "You know, a wife who can handle chauffeurs and footmen, who's just as much at home in a night club as in a kitchen."

The judge had difficulty repressing a chuckle. So this was another stage in the progress of that unpredictable young human, his son! "I can see your point," he said.

"You know, Dad, you're a great guy," Andy went on confidentially. "But I often wonder how far you'd've gone in this world if you'd been married to somebody like Cleopatra."

"I don't dare think of it," his father said comfortably. "But what about the nice old-fashioned girls like Polly Benedict?"

"I have every sympathy for the old-fashioned girls of this world," Andy said with quiet dignity. "But I been going around too steadily with Polly Benedict and I'm going to have a little talk with her about it."

It was a warm, languorous day, a day made for love



MICKEY ROONEY
as *Andy Hardy* has
three — count 'em,
three! — lovely
leading ladies:

JUDY GARLAND
plays *Betsy Booth*

Diana Lewis
(Mrs. William Pow-
ell) is *Daphne Fow-
ler, the debutante*

Ann Rutherford,
of course, is *Polly*
Benedict

Take all the emotions of all the great lovers of history—that of Romeo for Juliet, Tristan for Isolde, Abelard for Heloise—and it would remain but a small part of the flutter in Andy's heart as he gazed at Daphne's picture.

and dreams of love. Andy was all set to give his dreams to Daphne while he waited for his father in the orphanage garden. So it was a little disconcerting to hear an automobile horn toot behind him and recognize it as Polly's signal. What if that signal had once made his pulse race and his heart beat high—that was over now. And nothing is as dead as a love that has gone.

But he felt a quick stab of pity when he turned and saw Polly sitting in the driver's seat of the Benedict sedan. Poor child, she looked so happy not knowing how soon her world was to crash around her. He felt like a heel as he walked over to her. It was going to be hard telling her the things he had to tell her. But it was the only decent thing to do. What was it that poet said about every man having to kill the thing he loved? Wasn't it, "the coward does it with a kiss, the strong man with a sword"?

Well, never let it be said Andy Hardy was a coward! He could practically feel the firm hilt of a sword in his hand as he spoke. "I want to have a talk with you, Polly," he said.

"I want to have a little talk with you too, Andy," Polly looked at him gravely. "I don't think we ought to go together so steadily."

Andy was so outraged he could only glare at her. Here she was taking the words he was supposed to say right out of his mouth. It just showed what girls were. You couldn't trust any of them.

"Relationships like ours sometimes grow into serious things," Polly rushed on in the way a person will who wants to get a disagreeable thing over and done with as quickly as possible. "And a girl of seventeen is always *older*, more mature, and more *sophisticated* than a boy of the same age."

Andy blinked in horror. He had to swallow before he could find his voice. "Polly, you're crazy!" he exploded. "A boy of seventeen is practically on the threshold of manhood!"

"Who was it only last Sunday said the *epistles* were



THE OTHER PLAYERS ARE:

LEWIS STONE
as Judge Hardy

Fay Holden
as Mrs. Hardy

Cecilia Parker
as Marian Hardy

Directed by George B. Seitz. Screenplay by Annalee Whitmore and Thomas Seller, based upon the characters created by Aurania Rouverol.



Funny, how Andy's sense of values had changed! He couldn't understand the new feeling he had for little Betsy Booth or his pride in her when she got up on the platform and sang. Maybe Brigham Young had the right idea, after all!

the wives of the *apostles*?" Polly asked sweetly. "Andy," she went on in a voice gently maternal, "wouldn't you be happier with someone who could look up to you?"

Andy was stung to the quick. He pulled himself up to the tallest height he could muster. "Miss Benedict," he said with quiet dignity, "there are girls of seventeen who make you seem a mere child. A backward child at that! Goodbye, Miss Benedict!"

Polly gave him a cool, measured glance. "I suppose I'll have to see you at the editor's meeting," she said loftily. "But kindly continue to address me as Miss Benedict!"

Andy was so full of his own thoughts he didn't notice his father's troubled eyes when he came out of the orphanage. And the judge had completely forgotten his son's sudden interest in the sophisticated woman in the new problem turning over in his mind. The lawyers of the Cyrus Carvel estate in New York had written that owing to the default of bonds in the orphanage trust fund they were absolved of any further financial liability. Something must be wrong, terribly wrong, the judge decided. Cyrus Carvel had left over half a million to take care of the orphans in the town that bore his name. Now it looked as if the orphanage would have to be closed.

But all that would have seemed child's play to Andy compared to the danger that menaced him at the editorial meeting of the Carvel High Olympian. There had never been any love lost between him and Beezy who was editor of their high school paper, but Andy had always managed to hold his own with his adversary. But today Beezy had taken a sudden and unexplained interest in the botany book Andy was clutching under his arm. And while they were debating the important question of the magazine's next cover, Beezy suddenly leaned over and snatched the book right out from under Andy's protesting arm.

"Wow! Will you look at this!" Beezy demanded in fiendish glee. "Daphne Fowler, princess royal of the four hundred! Ho, Ho! Look Polly! Why, the whole book's filled with pictures of that dame." (*Please turn to page 82*)

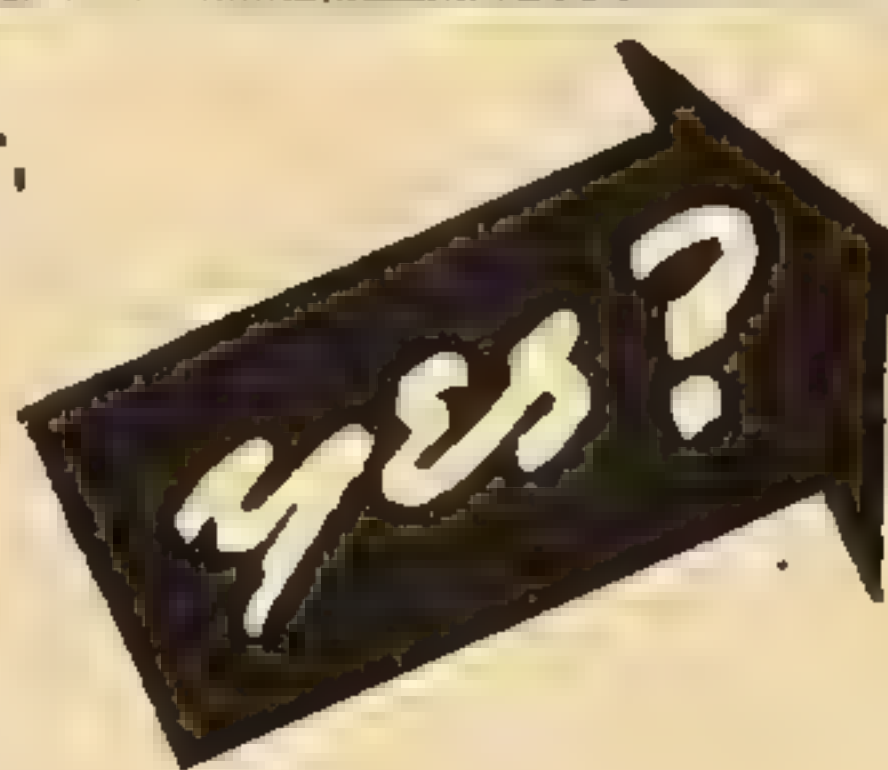
Debunking—and about time, too—the ridiculous notions held in some circles about who's who, and why, in Hollywood Society. Here are facts!



Mrs. Jack Warner,
Norma Shearer.

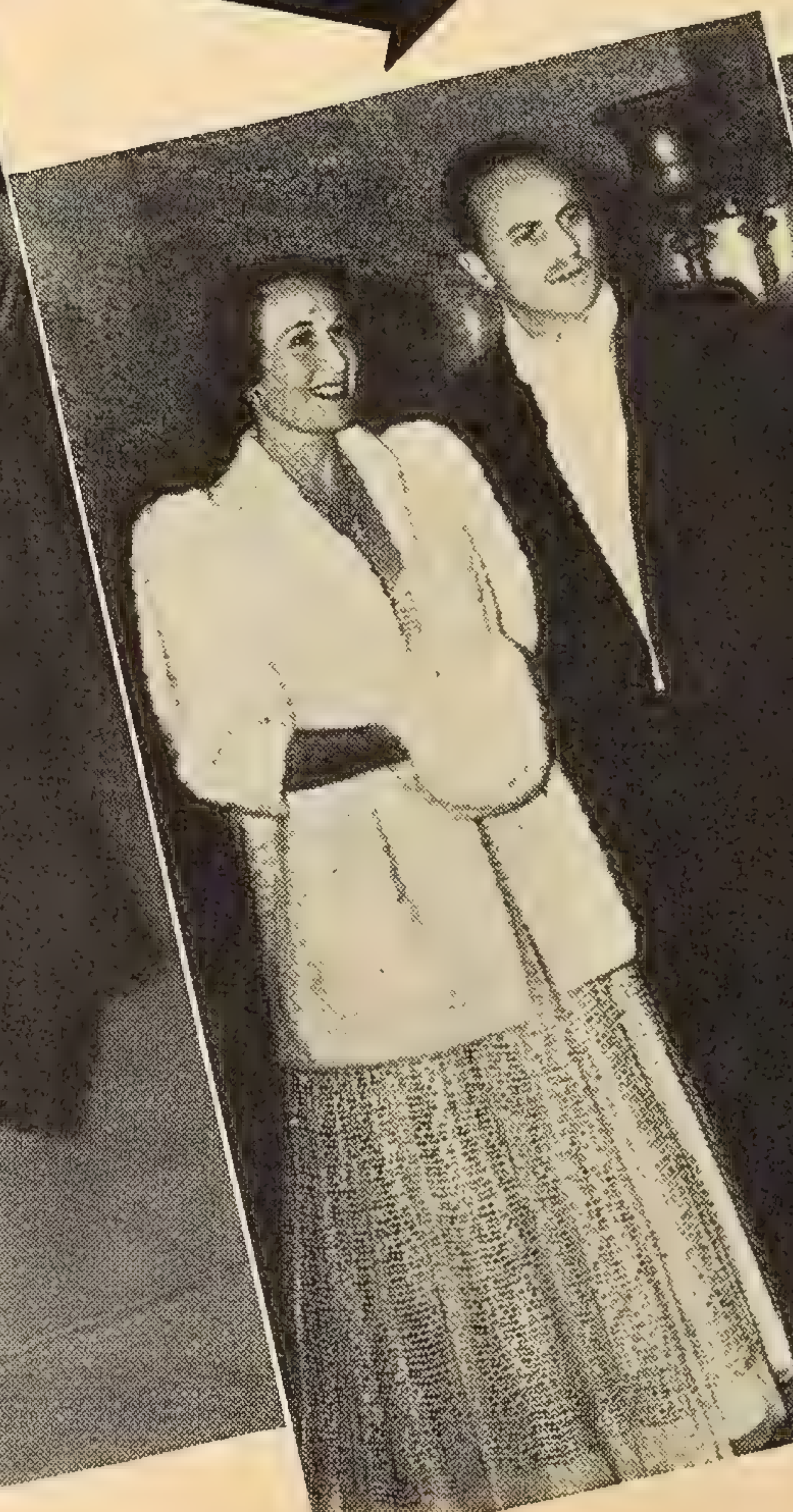
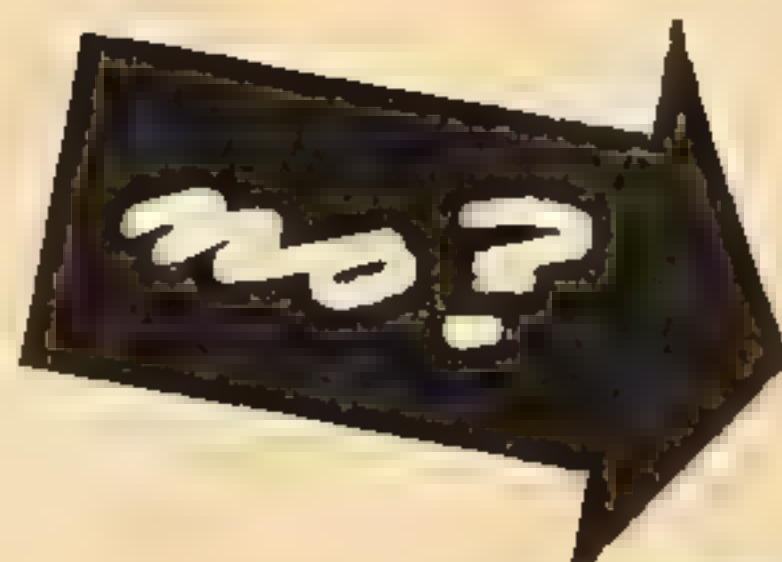


The Basil
Rathbones.



ollywood's Strange

THE word "Society," meaning the Upper Clawss, affects various people in various ways. Some people I know bow down in pious adoration, while others emit rude unattractive noises by pressing the tongue against the teeth and wagging the lower lip. Now I don't know whether you belong to the salaaming group or the sneering group—and you know just as little about me. Anyway, in this article, so help me, I shall play neither to the gallery nor the four-forty seats on the aisle. I shall stick to the real facts. With malice toward

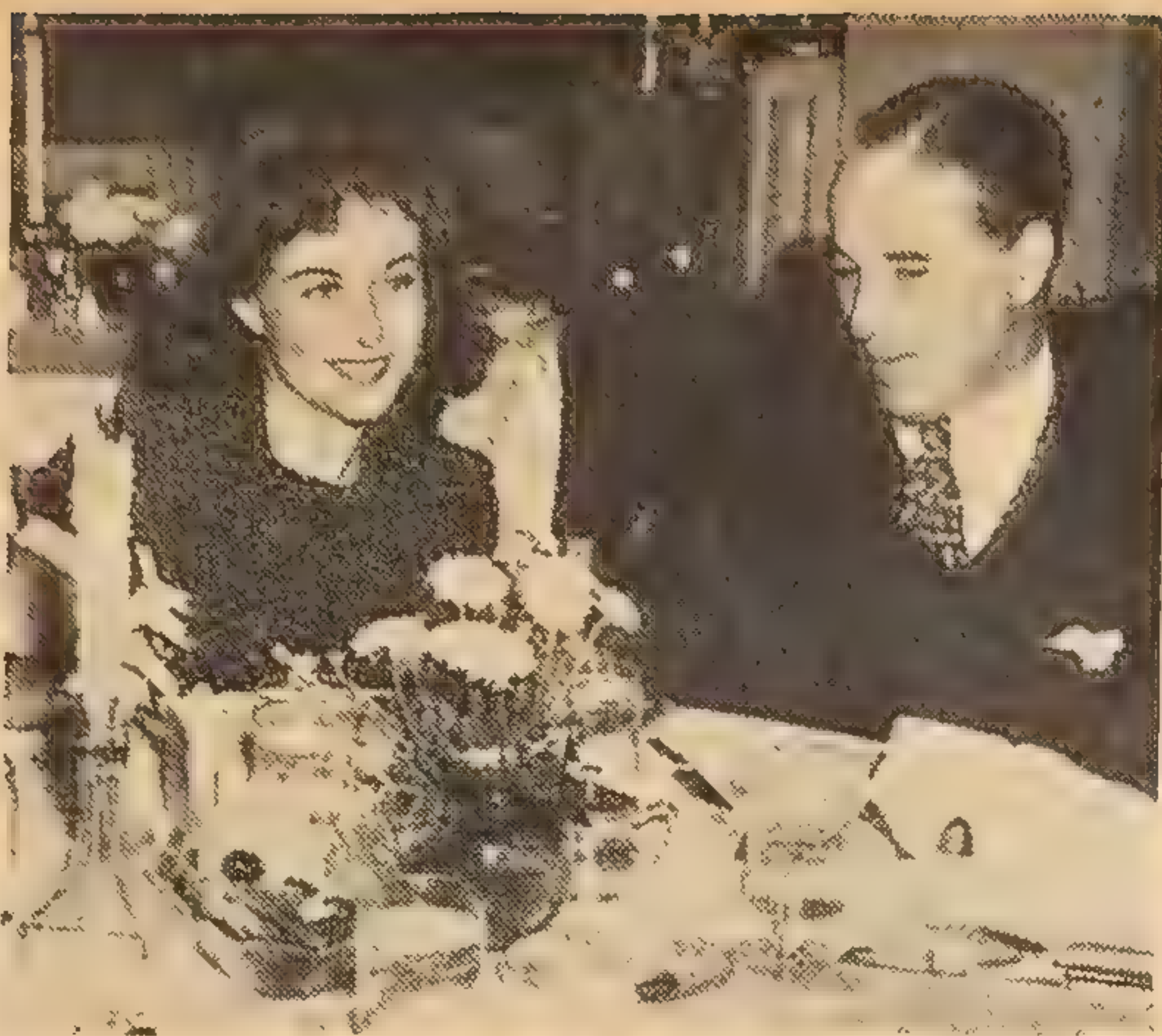


A cluster of unquestion-
ables: Connie Bennett, the
Fred Astaires, the Darryl
Zanucks, the Gary Coopers.



Joan Bennett Wanger,

Loretta Young.



Paulette Goddard,
Charlie Chaplin.



The Tyrone Powers.

SOCIAL CODE

in? *out?* *yes?*

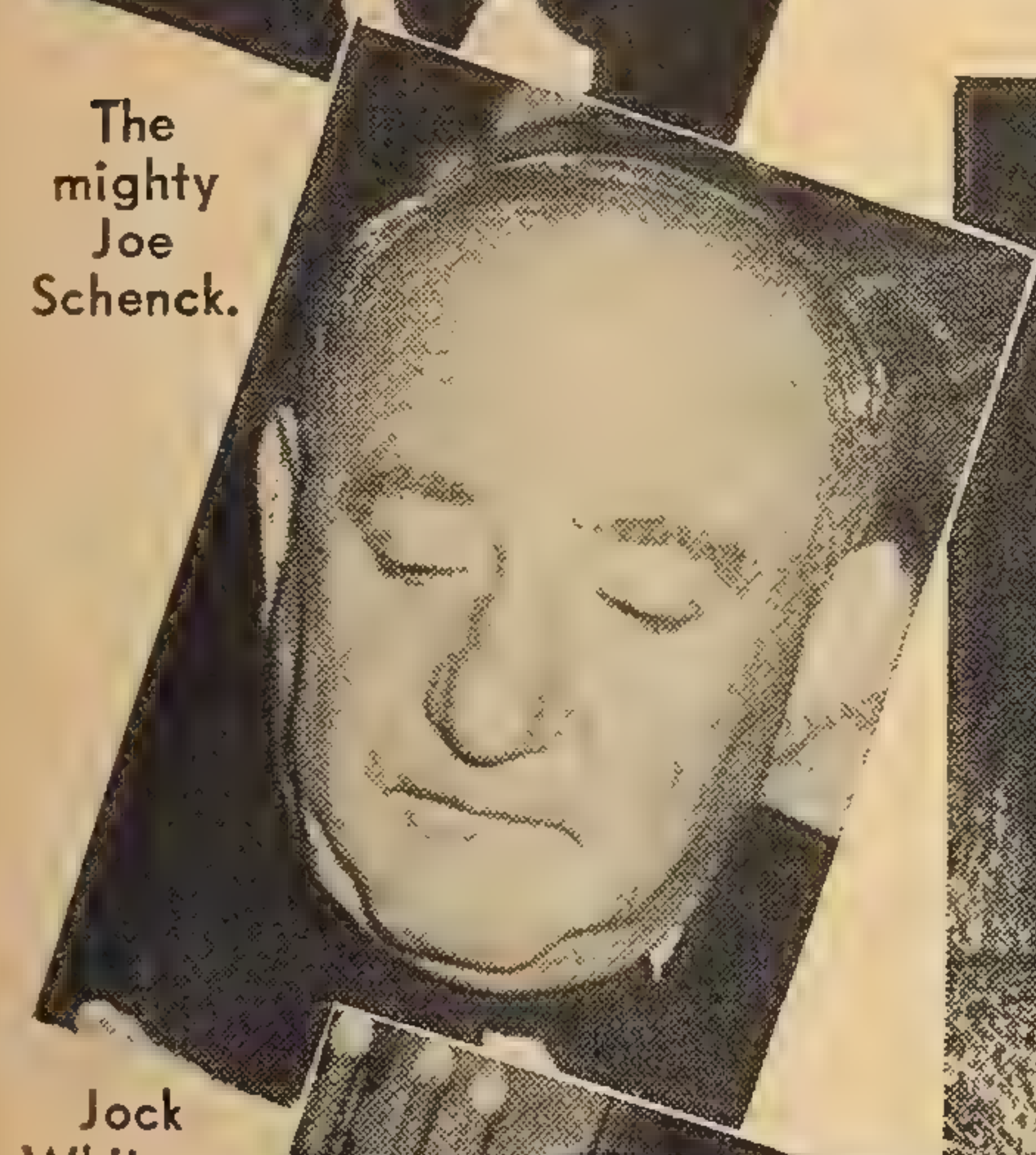
none. Well, maybe just a *soupçon* of malice, my dear.

Not so many years ago, when Brenda Frazier was a little tot on her nurse's knee, Paris was the great Society capital of the world. Here one found a happy mingling of New York's Four Hundred, Europe's Decadent Titles, Actors, Writers, and Amiable Young Men who just dropped in. Though unable to crash Newport, the stuffy stronghold of Grade A American Society, smart young actor-folk found themselves (*Please turn to page 72*)

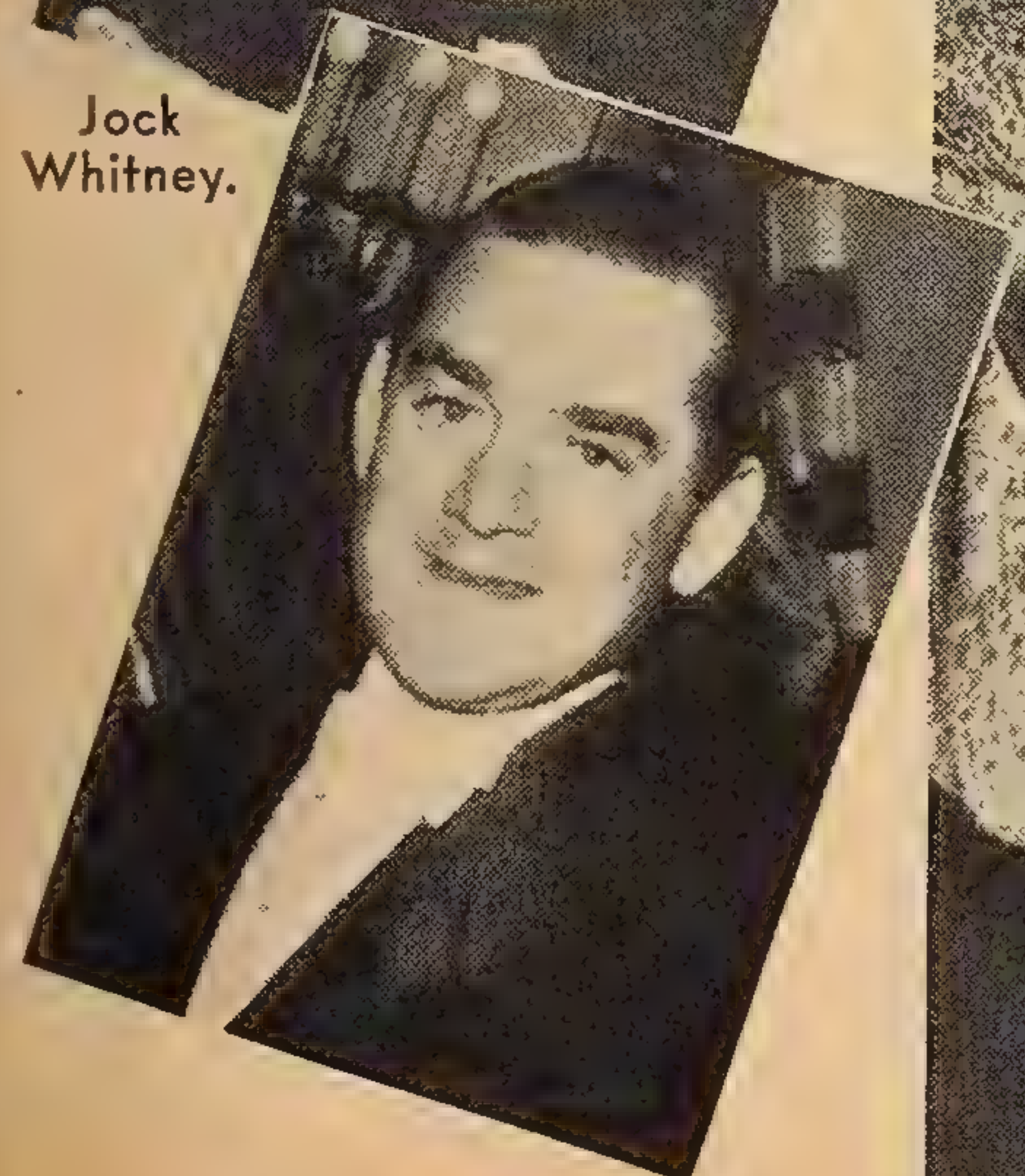
By
Liza



Producer
David O.
Selznick.



The
mighty
Joe
Schenck.



Jock
Whitney.

Claudette Colbert,
Norma Shearer,
George Raft.



yes?

Mr. and Mrs.
Douglas
Fairbanks, Jr.



no?



The
William Goetzes.

Attention, good Americans! Tracy tells you: "Don't think of your job as a soft racket; you've got to care deeper than that!" First-hand pep talk by a big shot who made good via the hard, old-fashioned way

**As told to
Gladys Hall**



"GUESS it all comes down," said Spencer, "to the person who can't be discouraged, to the fellow who won't give up! No matter what odds are against him, I mean, no matter how long he has to wait and work. You can't defeat a person who has no such word as defeat in his vocabulary. Because he can't *be* discouraged. You can't shake a fellow loose from success *if he won't give up!*"

"To me, one of the most significant things Edison ever said was when, after he'd worked on the electric light bulb for nine years, after he'd tried 9000 filaments

before he found the right one, and folks said to him, 'you're whipped,' he answered: 'No! I know 9000 things, now, that can't be used!'

"Most of us," Tracy said, "if we'd given nine years to a thing, and 9000 experiments and heaven knows how many black hours there were in those years of work, most of us would say, 'Well, this is the jumping-off place, boys!' What it should teach us is—*there isn't any jumping-off place*. Not on this earth. Only jumping-off place there is, we build ourselves, in our own imaginations. Makes you believe, things like this, that it doesn't matter

Good Advice from

Spencer Tracy

much how many mistakes we make, how many things we muff, how often we try and fail, whether men tell us we're licked or not; not if we don't name it failure, not if we keep on trying. I don't mean trying for days, or weeks, or even months; but for all the years we've got, if necessary.

"Yeah, maybe if we'd be willing to wait a bit, there wouldn't be so many nervous breakdowns, and throwing up of hands, and even lives, men calling themselves failures before they've given enough time to working and waiting for success. What if a business does fail, half a dozen times; or a book doesn't get published; or a play flops; or a man loses his home or has a pack of creditors at his door—none of these things *need* be failures. They're only failures if we call them that. They're not failures if we've got that everlasting patience. We're bound to get there *if we never stop going!*"

Spencer Tracy doesn't just talk, I thought, off the top of his mind. He isn't a glib talker. He doesn't say things he doesn't mean. He drags up what he has to say out of what he has learned, first-hand. Like the odds were all against him when he started to be an actor. For one thing, he didn't have "actory" good looks. He often kids himself, saying: "I don't look like any actor *I* ever saw!" or "I bet Gable wishes he had what I have!" No, he

wasn't any Ty Power or Richard Greene, making a million maidens swoon on sight. He didn't have any of the obvious weapons. He didn't hit the movie Milky Way "overnight." He had to grub for his stake on stardom. He lived on \$30 a month while he was studying dramatics, learning his craft. His father, skeptical of his son's choice of a career, paid his tuition at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts but Spence had to feed, house, and clothe himself on the \$30 a month he had from the government after the War. He ended up every month eating rice and pretzels. His room rent often wasn't paid. He got deeper into debt every month. He knew all the mortifications of poverty. Everyone he knew said, "You're whipped."

Well, there are two Oscars on the book-shelves in Spencer's room at home on the ranch. If they could talk, they'd say, "We're here because he didn't give up."

Spence was saying, "—makes success seem a simple thing, huh, just to get it down to the fellow who can't be discouraged? A simple thing, yeah, but a strong thing, too. About the strongest thing there is. Especially these days. Yep, it's the patience of the man Edison that gets me. Should get all of us who expect our little, particular Romes to be built in a day. Last week, here at the studio, I, as Edison the man, conceived (*Please turn to page 76*)



Tracy doesn't mince words in this article of sane, practical counsel. He cites the career of Thomas Edison as an example of the fighting spirit which wins success—because as star of the film, "Edison, the Man," he had to learn all about the inventor and his struggles. Above, Spencer in a scene with Rita Johnson, who plays his wife.





Famous Astrologer Norvell has helped screen stars attain some of their greatest ambitions, and now makes new predictions on love, marriage and finances which may help you in planning your future

The youthful ideas of you who were born at this time of the year may be delayed in maturing; your plans may be brilliant, and you may be capable of great things, but always the unyielding laws of nature demand that you await the completion of your cycle for the attainment of success and happiness. You must learn to cultivate patience. You have been unusually gifted by nature and can accomplish wonders, but remember, nature will not be rushed and it often takes years to accomplish your life's ambitions. Look at the life of Barbara Stanwyck if you wish to see a wonderful example of ability to be patient and overcome hardships and suffering.

It was about seven or eight years ago that I first met Barbara Stanwyck and read her horoscope. Barbara was very much in doubt about what the future held for her. I set up her chart and told her, "You have nothing to worry about in the coming years; your birthdate, July 16, brings you in the lucky Sign of Cancer and your ruling star, the Moon, brings you a destiny that will be both strange and thrilling. You are standing at the crossroads of indecision right now but the stars show that you will go on to great heights and make for yourself an enviable position on the screen."

I still remember the grateful look on Barbara's face as she murmured, "That's so encouraging—thank you." But I had not yet finished reading her chart of destiny. "There are warnings of dark things to come in love and marriage," I continued.

"Afflictions in your chart show that your present marriage is doomed to failure." Barbara was then married to Frank Fay, seemingly it was an ideal marriage and everyone in Hollywood said it would never end. The stars showed otherwise, and I warned Barbara at that time: "Unless you use caution you are apt to have the great tragedy of your life in the near future. A divorce is clearly shown in your chart; and after that divorce another great love will come into your life and you will marry again." Barbara Stanwyck wouldn't

EXPLAINS INTO THE FUTURE

THE Sign of Cancer, ruling those born between June 21 and July 22, is one of the luckiest of all signs in which to be born. It is a romantic sign too. If this happens to be your birth sign you may expect wonderful things from a beneficent Fate. You came into the world during the period when the flowering Spring has passed into the mature and growing Summer season; when abundant life surges in all growing things and gives promise of a fruitful harvest to come in the Fall.

The aspects this month favor new romances. And although Spring is the time when a young man's fancy is supposed to turn to thoughts of love, Summer is really the time for new romances. It's vacation time—and young people off on a Summer holiday get away from old environments, make new acquaintances, and very often lasting friendships are formed and many new romances are begun. True, *all* Summer romances don't last, but many an attachment which has taken root at some Summer resort has led to real love and marriage and lasting happiness. The configuration of the planets at this time not only favors new romances, but the culmination of romances of long-standing are looked upon with favor too.

The various changes shown by the Moon, the planet ruling those born in the Sign of Cancer, mean a startling and radical departure from the ordinary routine of life.





Nelson Eddy's outstanding success may be credited to the fact that he was born under the rulership of the creative Sign of Cancer. The future revealed for Eddy is indeed a brilliant one. Above, with Norvell, Eddy is in costume for "New Moon," new film co-starring Jeanette MacDonald. Above right, Barbara Stanwyck and Norvell having fun with a studio camera. Barbara's chart shows continued screen success as well as warnings regarding her marriage to Robert Taylor, but no disturbances that she cannot overcome.

NORVELL

WITH

believe the strange prediction made at that time, for it would have meant the shattering of her belief in human nature. Within a few years, however, that prediction came true. Now Barbara is happily married; the past is behind, the future looms bright and clear. Her chart shows that her talents have come to new and rich maturity. She can continue on the screen indefinitely. What of Barbara's marriage to Robert Taylor? There are still warnings in her chart; naturally, but Barbara has grown in soul stature; she is wise to the ways of the world, intelligent and (Please turn to page 87)

YOUR HOROSCOPE SENT FREE!

Norvell, famous Hollywood astrologer, offers you a horoscope for your birth sign. This condensed version of your astrological reading, according to your birthdate, may help you in attaining *your* life's great ambitions. Send coupon below, properly filled out, with stamped, self-addressed envelope at once to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. L, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS

MY ADDRESS IS

CITY

MY BIRTHDATE IS

Gable

ve him a break!

Dennis O'Keefe credits
Clark, Lewis Stone, and
luck for his success

By

Mary Sharon

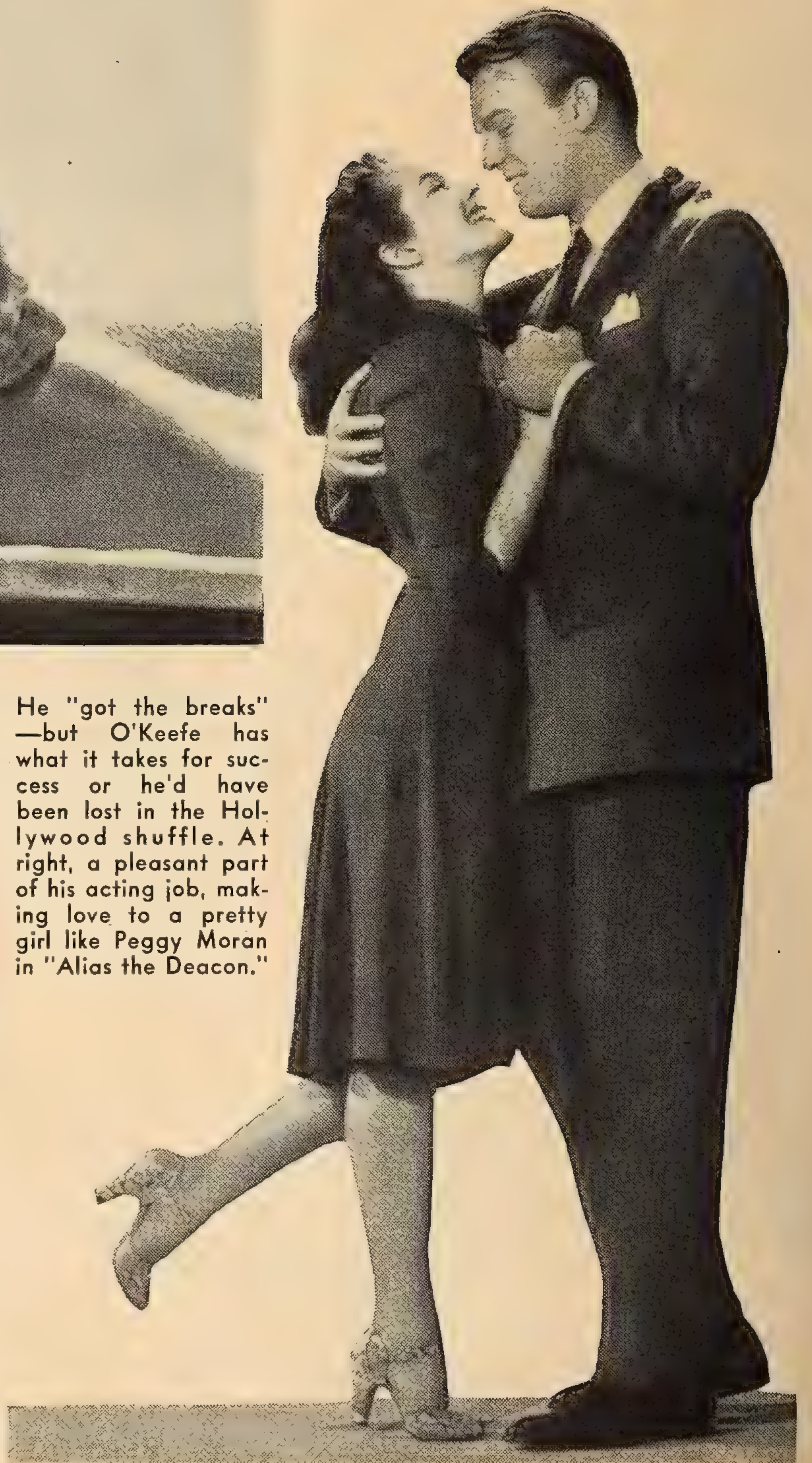


"IT IS largely a matter of luck," Dennis O'Keefe assured me, when he was telling about the "breaks" that have come his way. "I always happened to be in the right place at the right time."

He went further to explain: "Lewis Stone has it figured out nicely. He calls luck 'the thin line.' You know only a very fine line stands between success and failure. A little shifting to the right or to the left and your whole life is changed. You either get the chance you're hoping for or, by the same token, you lose it. I happened to get the 'breaks.' I know lots of fellows better looking than I am, with just as much talent, but things don't happen right for them. They did for me."

Then, with a little encouragement on my part—a word here and a question there—this big, blond, handsome young Irishman told me his story. And in the telling, I could see a lot of things besides luck running through the warp and woof of it. I could see his never-say-die persistence, his belief in himself, his courage in the face of the most heartbreaking defeats. And a great resourcefulness. In fact, I think I can safely say that the two main reasons for Dennis O'Keefe's present place in the Hollywood sun are his good luck and (Please turn to page 91)

He "got the breaks"—but O'Keefe has what it takes for success or he'd have been lost in the Hollywood shuffle. At right, a pleasant part of his acting job, making love to a pretty girl like Peggy Moran in "Alias the Deacon."



Sunny Honey!



A sweetheart
for Summer
or any other
season is Lin-
da Darnell,
loveliest of
the Holly-
wood starlets

Golden

Lana Turner,
basking by her
swimming pool
after honey-
mooning with
Artie Shaw

Latest photo-
graphers'
model to crash
the movie gate
is Elaine
Brandes, be-
low. Oddly
enough, she
plays rôle of
a photogra-
pher's model in
her first film.



Girls

Ilona Massey,
gently gilded by
the California
sun while wait-
ing for her new
film assignment

A decorative
addition to
the cast of the
new comedy,
"Turnabout,"
is Elinor
Riley, con-
spicuously
pretty even
in Hollywood,
home of beau-
tiful girls.



Boys

AHOY!

JOHN
HUBBARD:

Cruising cinemat-
ically in the com-
edy, "Turnabout"



JEFFREY
LYNN:

Currently on view
in "All This,
And Heaven Too"

In this corner,
Carole Landis.

Wheew!



Below, left to right:
Leila Ernst, Mary Beth
Hughes, Jean Carole.



But the *New*
Girls are Gorgeous!

Just consider Jane
Clayton (right).



Meet Marilyn Merrick!



Mae West

Dazzling Dietrich
will go West again
—Wild, not Mae—
for her next film,
"Seven Sinners"



Joan Crawford

Eyecatching Crawford plays a young "problem" mother in her new picture, "Susan and God"



Elegance is the keynote of the Rathbone home. Left above, the door through which pass some of the world's most famous people, to be greeted by Basil and Ouida. Above, the house and driveway; left, the Rathbones breakfast in their garden with four of their five pets. Below, two views of the lovely coral and silver guest room. Note the small cupboard with plants—really a window.

Hollywood's Most Important New Home!

*Rathbone home pictures by
Hal A. McAlpin, Paramount.
Exclusive to SCREENLAND.*





Above, the Rathbones in their oak-panelled library. Note birds in cage. Right above, the fireplace bordered in jade green Chinese porcelain. The dog is Bunty, Ouida's special pet. Below, rare antique desk in Mrs. Rathbone's room. The draped curtains are brown net. Flowers are everywhere. Lower right, the dining room, with table covered with nine-inch squares of mirrors, crystal fruit.



First, exclusive pictures of Basil Rathbone, famed movie menace, and his charming wife, Ouida, in their new Bel Air home, where celebrities of music, art, letters, and stage and screen are welcomed with lavish hospitality. See Page 72 for more views of this home

Basil Rathbone's new starring picture for Paramount is "A Date with Destiny."



She's

his Juliet!



He's her Romeo!

Yes, folks—it's a Great Romance! But unlike their stage rôles in Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, there's a real-life happy ending for Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. You'll see her on the screen in "Waterloo Bridge," with Robert Taylor, while his new rôle is in "Pride and Prejudice," with Greer Garson



How Baby Sandy Keeps Fit!

Maybe the grown-up Glamor Girls should follow Baby Sandy's keep-fit recipe. No fussing with diets or massage; just plenty of food, fresh air, and rest. About time for Sandy to trade in that old buggy, isn't it?





*Ed. Estabrook,
Universal*



Well, perhaps puttering around the garden when her mother isn't looking could be included in Sandy's routine of how to keep beautiful. But she doesn't believe in overdoing it, as you see in the circle at left. Nothing like solid comfort, after a hard day's work at the studio stealing pictures from those old actors.

It's no secret, says Sandy! She keeps her girlish figure and her flawless complexion by forgetting all about 'em, as she does a lot of loafing in the sunshine between pictures



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
From "Twenty Mule Team"

Candid Curtis

**Alan, the actor,
is herewith exposed
by Alan, the man**

**By
S. R.
Mook**

Making love to pretty newcomer Mary Beth Hughes in "Four Sons" (lower right) is pleasant new cinema assignment for Alan.

ALAN CURTIS is an anomaly among actors. He is so afraid of being thought smug or conceited that, when meeting strangers, he invariably puts his worst foot forward. He seems to take a delight in emphasizing his shortcomings with the result that if he makes friends it is in spite of rather than because of himself.

He fights shy of close friendships. "Most people with whom you're friendly demand too much of you," he vouchsafed. "I don't mean in a material sense, but mentally and spiritually. They drain you. I've found the less you ask—or expect—of people, the safer the relationship is. I'm on friendly terms with quite a few people but none of them are what I'd call close friends."

"Doesn't it ever get you down that there's no one who really gives a hoot whether you're alive or dead?" I queried. "Aren't there ever times when you wish you had someone close enough to unburden yourself to, without holding back?"

"Sure," he admitted. "But you can't have everything.

If I want the companionship of friends I can't sidestep the obligations of friendship. And, so far, I've never found a friend who gave enough to justify what I would have to give up to offset it. Maybe I do put in some blue hours but I never get hurt this way. I'm moody anyhow and I don't think a person has a right to ask his friends to put up with his whims and vagaries."

He has no hobbies—doesn't care for tennis or horseback riding, although he swims and golfs a little. "I thought of joining a golf club," he told me frankly, "but it's a long drive from my house to that club and golf is an expensive proposition. If the studio let me go at the end of the year I'd have to quit playing but the dues would keep on. And when I met the men I'd been playing with and they asked why I didn't come around any more I'd feel self-conscious."

One of the girls from the publicity department stopped by the table. "New suit, Alan?" she inquired.

"Well, sort of," he admitted. "A fellow I know had it and needed some cash so I bought it." (*Please turn to page 91*)





Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Giddy!

APPEAL: To those who laugh easily at wild and whacky romance.

PLOT: Pretty spinster-author of man-eating best seller finds herself married to unwilling professor—but true love conquers incredible complications.

PRODUCTION: Slick, with fast-moving direction and glib dialogue. Star's clothes and leading man's looks will cause "Ah's" of acclaim from audience femmes, although those same femmes may resent career girl being put in her place by plot. Men may just be bored by it all.

ACTING: Loretta Young, never prettier, is bright and breezy and not too brittle as heroine. Ray Milland either overacts or underplays in miscast and inconsistent rôle that cried for Cary Grant. Reginald Gardiner is another victim of miscasting. Edmund Gwenn, Gail Patrick best in support.

"The Doctor Takes A Wife" is a Columbia picture.



"IRENE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Charming!

APPEAL: To practically everybody except sour-pusses.

PLOT: Why, don't you remember? That little Irish girl from the tenements who works her way up into society and the arms of the handsome hero.

PRODUCTION: Director-producer Wilcox has dressed up little old "Irene," who first made her stage bow back in 1920, and on the screen in 1926, in gorgeous new trimmings including flashes of dazzling technicolor and a brand-new Alice Blue Gown. Same old songs, but always good.

ACTING: Anna Neagle is an enchanting Irene—perhaps too enchanting for comfort in some scenes, when she lets her brogue run riot; otherwise beguiling. Ray Milland in another difficult rôle for him, that of Mme. Lucy, male modiste, struggles manfully but deserves better fate. Roland Young, Billie Burke, fine.

"Irene" is an RKO-Radio picture.



"TYPHOON"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Whew!

APPEAL: Particularly to the kiddies—and I mean you, too.

PLOT: That sarong girl, cast up on a tropical isle, is joined by that lava-lava boy, and eventually, a whopping hurricane.

PRODUCTION: Terrific—beautiful all-technicolor photography, with thrilling sea stuff and lush and lovely island-paradise pictures. Direction and dialogue tame beside nature's wonders such as flaming sunsets, limpid swimming pools, and the stunning co-stars.

ACTING: Dorothy Lamour, golden and gorgeous, and Robert Preston, ditto, don't try to act, which is just as well; they're just themselves, which is better. Lynne Overman, as a Broadway promoter in the South Seas on a pearl-diving expedition, is grand in a salty, sardonic performance. J. Carroll Naish, as a rascally native, really troups. Coco, the chimp, uncanny.

"Typhoon" is a Paramount picture.



Interpretation, Summer
1940, of the "Lillian Rus-
sell" mode—these two big,
stunning straws designed
by Daché, and worn by:

Alice Faye



*Dare
TO BE
DRAMATIC!*



For gold summer evenings, Anne Sheridan has selected this exotic dinner gown splashed with a jungle print in gray, watermelon, red, and delphinium blue. The top is of chalk white crepe cut with a high, circular neck with long sleeves caught into tight cuffs. The pocket interest, so important this year, is achieved with a cowl-like treatment which swings from the right shoulder to the left hip. Her turban is made of matching white crepe.

Geoffrey Mulholland, Wardrobe

Edited by
Ann Sheridan

The beach coat to end all beach coats, at least for Summer, 1940, is worn here by Ann Sheridan, who enjoys the exotic in clothes and dares to wear 'em! Of bright blue cotton accented with applique of white, the coat is lined with brilliant red, and banded in white terry cloth. She wears a white turban and mass of bright junk jewelry. Miss Sheridan's current film is "Torrid Zone," with James Cagney.



Two versions of the ever popular stripes worn by Ann Sheridan. Grey forms the background for this new printed rayon fabric, Celanese Alloracel, which is used for the spectator sports frock on this page. The shown stripes are white.

A STAR IN STRIPES!



Here, Miss Sheridan wears a play suit of red and white striped sleeve with a scarf girdle of blue and white. The skirt has diagonal-cut pockets; the collarless top is fastened with a row of white buttons. And how do you like Ann's shoes?



SO—YOU want to get married! But—you want adventure. Well, how would you like to have both? Can't be done, you say! Ask Osa Johnson. She knows, and she'll tell you. Few other famous women are so well equipped to give advice to young American girls as is this noted explorer, lecturer, and movie-maker; for she is one of the few who has been a successful wife, a consistent careerist, and—most important of all—a good companion and partner. During the past twenty-seven years, she accompanied her husband on successful filming expeditions to the South Sea Islands, the Malay Peninsula, Australia, Borneo and many trips into Africa.

Of course, you can't all expect the sort of adventure which she experienced—roaring lions, herds of elephants, close association with primitive black and brown peoples, tropical storms, and ever-changing scenes. But the spirit

she brought to these adventures can be cultivated to advantage in Kansas as well as in Africa. Incidentally, Osa herself was born and brought up in Kansas, so she knows. And, until the time of her marriage, she had never been more than thirty miles away from her home. Strange, isn't it, that this domestic youngster—with the usual girl's interest in devoted home ties and friends and their activities—should today be one of the most widely travelled women in the world? Stranger still, is the fact that she finds the people in other parts of the world—for the most part—similar to Kansans, in that they are fundamentally kind if they are met half-way with sincerity, naturalness, and understanding.

"My career?" she'll say when questioned, opening her large brown eyes very wide. "Why, I married my career at the ripe old age of sixteen! I don't suppose I fully

As told to **Martha Bliven**



Osa Johnson followed adventure around the world—but she tells how any girl can find fun, and romance, right in her own home town



America's most noted woman explorer, Osa Johnson, for twenty-seven years accompanied her husband,

Martin Johnson, on adventurous trips all over the world. Her experiences are now dramatized in her forthcoming book and in her Columbia picture, both titled "I Married Adventure." Here are interesting scenes from Mrs. Johnson's colorful career.

Girls!

Make Marriage Your Great Adventure

realized, at the time, that I had *married adventure* as my career. But, I did marry Martin Johnson. Well, where Martin went, I wanted to go. We always talked things over together, we looked facts in the face, we worked hard, and we were full partners in our enterprises.

"Now, any young girl—married, or about to be married—has this opportunity of cooperation and full partnership offered to her. Take it, girls, take it! And make the most of it. For, if you do but realize it, there is no greater happiness or satisfaction to be felt than that close union of pulling together and working towards a mutual success.

"Of course," she will add, with a twinkle, "we literally burned our bridges behind us. We *had* to make good on that first trip to the South Seas; for we had invested everything that we had in the (Please turn to page 74)



JANE'S CAMERA CAPERS

By
Ruth Tildesley



No everyday camera subjects for Janie—no, sir! She shoots for and at celebrities and usually gets 'em. At left, Jane's own snapshot of John Payne; right above, Cesar Romero—"the most marvelous dancer in the world," she calls him; left above, Brenda Joyce—all snapped on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Top, scene at Yosemite; then an informal picture by Jane's mother of the little star herself, with a chum—when Jane was just a roly-poly, as she expresses it.

"I've got *more* hobbies!" Jane Withers, one-time roly-poly, who has now added inches and streamlined her curves, bounced in with all her old-time pep. "I'll never be bored, I know, because I'm always getting new hobbies and never have time to get tired of any of them! Right now I'm knitting a rug that's going to be six feet long and all different colors. Knitting's a hobby of mine. And I'm crocheting some table mats—I'm mad about crocheting! And oh, *yes!* Are you making Japanese bowl gardens? Boy! You *should*. Look, here's my very worst one."

She darted across the room; her studio dressing room, which is as large as a bungalow living room, walled in knotty pine, and as gay and cheerful as its occupant—and brought back a shallow green bowl in which a tiny temple, guarded by two sentinel distorted trees, looked out across a wee bridge to a silver strand of shining white pebbles. "Last night I did four bowl gardens, each one different, working out ideas I happened to have," she said proudly. "I wish I had time to do four more tonight, but there's so much *else* to do."

"My most chief hobby right now is taking pictures. I have a home movie outfit and we take color pictures with it and some of them are marvelous! I mean *marvelous*. They are the ones I take of my animals, and animals can't get stage fright or worry about how they look, and with a movie camera they can't be too quick for you and rush out of the picture, the way they do when you have a still camera."

"I have a still camera, though, a No. 2 Brownie that cost two dollars. You see, when I bought it I didn't know a thing about taking pictures, so I thought I'd get something inexpensive until I learned, and now I love my little Brownie and wouldn't give it up! It was George Ernest who got me interested in cameras. George is in the 'Jones Family' films—you know *him*. He's simply mad about cameras and he isn't going to be an actor when he graduates from the university, he's going to be a camera-man, so naturally he's a wiz. He has his own darkroom, a brand new one just built. For weeks he's been calling me to tell me about how this was to be and how they

fixed that and what kind of lights he had and how he was going to dry the prints and so on, and today I got a letter from him inviting me to come to see it."

"His pictures are *good!*" She emphasized this with another bounce, and a giggle quite in the old Jane fashion. "Why wouldn't they be? Boy, when George takes a picture of you, you might as well make up your mind to be patient and relax, because you won't get away for half an hour. This is the way he does it:"

She leaped up, strode to the middle of the room, set up an imaginary camera on a tripod, raised the level, after an anxious scrutiny of me through an imaginary finder, then lowered it to near the floor, stooped down and squinted up. "When he's got (*Please turn to page 98*)

Starlet Jane Withers has other hobbies, from crocheting to cooking; but she finds the most fun sneaking up on studio celebrities with her trusty little camera



More celebrity close-ups by camera-girl Withers. Left above, Jack Oakie and June Lang; next, Linda Darnell—Jane's "most-favorite star"; then John Butler, studio gateman and former big league baseball player. Top, lovely Arleen Whalen, a pet camera subject of Jane's because she has ideas in posing. At right, Jane's photograph of her mother with the family horses, Bingo and Red Fox—just two members of Jane's menagerie, snapped on the grounds of the Withers home.

Here's Hollywood

News and Camera
Flashes of Pic-
tures and Players



EVERYONE was wondering just how long it would be before Norma Shearer's influence would be noticeable in the rôles that George Raft plays on the screen. It's no secret that, now, Norma puts her okay on George's scripts. Hers is a genuine, undercover influence to get him playing more sympathetic parts. Somehow, Norma means to wean him from the stigma of gangdom, the penitentiary, and jail breaks. Whether you care to believe it or not, this is what happened on a recent George Raft picture. He refused to do a scene showing him being sentenced by a judge for robbing a bank. He had previously okayed the script and consequently the front office set off verbal fireworks. George was adamant because he decided it was an important factor in his career. The studio bosses were up in arms until everyone got together on a compromise. Norma and George talked it over. It was decided finally that if George robbed only a state bank it wouldn't be quite as bad, but it was thumbs down on pillage of a federal institution. That's what I'd call gradual tapering off.

THE pair of chaps, cowboy pants to you, that Gary Cooper wears in "North West Mounted Police" have a very interesting history, and they caused quite a commotion the first time he appeared in them on the set. Actually, when Gary was a youngster, he came into possession of the chaps by winning a wrestling match with a young Indian brave, and, of course, they have a special significance for him. For years they were packed away in a trunk in his home in Montana, and only recently his brother found them and sent them to him. Cecil B. De Mille glared when Gary first appeared on the set in those ancient tattered leather pants, and shouted for the wardrobe man. "Get Mr. Cooper a real pair of chaps," he barked. A De Mille command is never questioned, but Gary was adamant and wouldn't give in. So you can be sure that in the picture Gary's pants are the ones he "wrestled an Indian for."

WHEN a Hollywood columnist, taking a jab at Elsa Maxwell, implied that she was very piqued because she hadn't been taken up in any measure by Southern California society, that writer started a garrulous exchange of hot shots between Elsa and a Pasadena scribbler of social doings. Elsa announced flatly that there wasn't any real society in California. The society writer quickly came back by announcing that Miss Maxwell found time only to associate with movie stars who made more than \$5,000 a week. After a few more preliminaries the two were off to a gala round of pot shots. Insiders lined up and took sides, with most of the routing resounding for the Maxwell type of wit. Elsa Maxwell resembles an atom-smasher when it comes to breaking down reserve. Hollywood loves her for it, but the local blue bloods only turn more purple with each new Maxwell attempt to humanize them as she did Park Avenue. They may as well give in because Elsa will have her way. She is only trying to show them how to have a little fun.

BETTE DAVIS is a natural leader. She runs her household with the unerring efficiency of a three ring circus. She has a gift for handling people singly, or in groups. Bette could order a regiment into battle with neat dispatch. On the set recently she decided, in a flash, to pull a gag on director Anatole Litvak. In no time she had the seventy-odd people ready for decisive action. Litvak finished a scene and he momentarily left the busy set to wait for the next set-up. He returned in a few minutes to find to his utter surprise that not a soul of his company was present. The stage was absolutely deserted. Bette had contrived to hide seventy people right under his nose. Her raucous laugh led all the rest when the company miraculously appeared again. However, Litvak laughed last. He rehearsed them all over and over in a difficult scene and after they had given their all in repeated takes he calmly announced they had exerted themselves beautifully, but the camera hadn't an inch of film in it and they'd have to do it all over again.

THE screen's more self-conscious stars don't like to have strangers on their sets while they are acting, and you can't blame them. Ann Sothorn, however, seems able to emote with unknown, curious tourists practically in her hair, but after her experience in "Brother Orchid" even Ann may give visitors the go-by. She was rehearsing an extremely difficult drunk scene on the set. She was in the middle of her monologue, talking into a telephone, when the visiting "friends" barged onto the set. Ann was going great guns that day. Her acting was inspired. She was the character she played to the letter, and she looked inebriated to the point of saturation. The scene went on and on with no interruption from the director. Ann continued to build her dialogue to a beautiful climax when the visitors began to exchange horrified glances. They *tch-tched* to themselves and gravely shook their heads. "Too bad," they groaned, "a nice girl like that can't keep away from liquor even when she's working." Just then, the scene was over and the enthralled technicians, who know acting when they see it, burst into spontaneous applause. It took the director, Lloyd Bacon and Ann herself to convince the visitors that she was as sober as a judge.

JIMMY STEWART and Olivia de Havilland, both being the kind of people they are, make it hard to predict just how serious their romance is, and where it will end. Although everyone believes that these two sly and shy ones are planning marriage as a secret, under-cover coup, Olivia's and Jimmy's attitude the other night at Chasen's made gossip about them all the more spirited and puzzling. They sat at a conspicuous table and in a very bored manner yawned in each other's faces all evening. Everyone there that night was convinced that there was nothing to the de Havilland-Stewart affair. What they *didn't* know was that love could hardly bloom after as strenuous a day as Jimmy and Olivia had had. They had been up at six for a couple of fast sets of tennis at Westside, they skated at the Tropical Ice Gardens, and as a gag, for the laughs, had ridden Shetland ponies all over Beverly Hills before they pulled up at Margaret Sullavan's for lunch. Before dinner that evening they had sunned at the beach, walked miles at a picture gallery where portraits of some friends were being shown, got a healthy workout swinging golf clubs on a practice tee, went shopping, and saw a preview. Even love will get yawny with that kind of schedule.

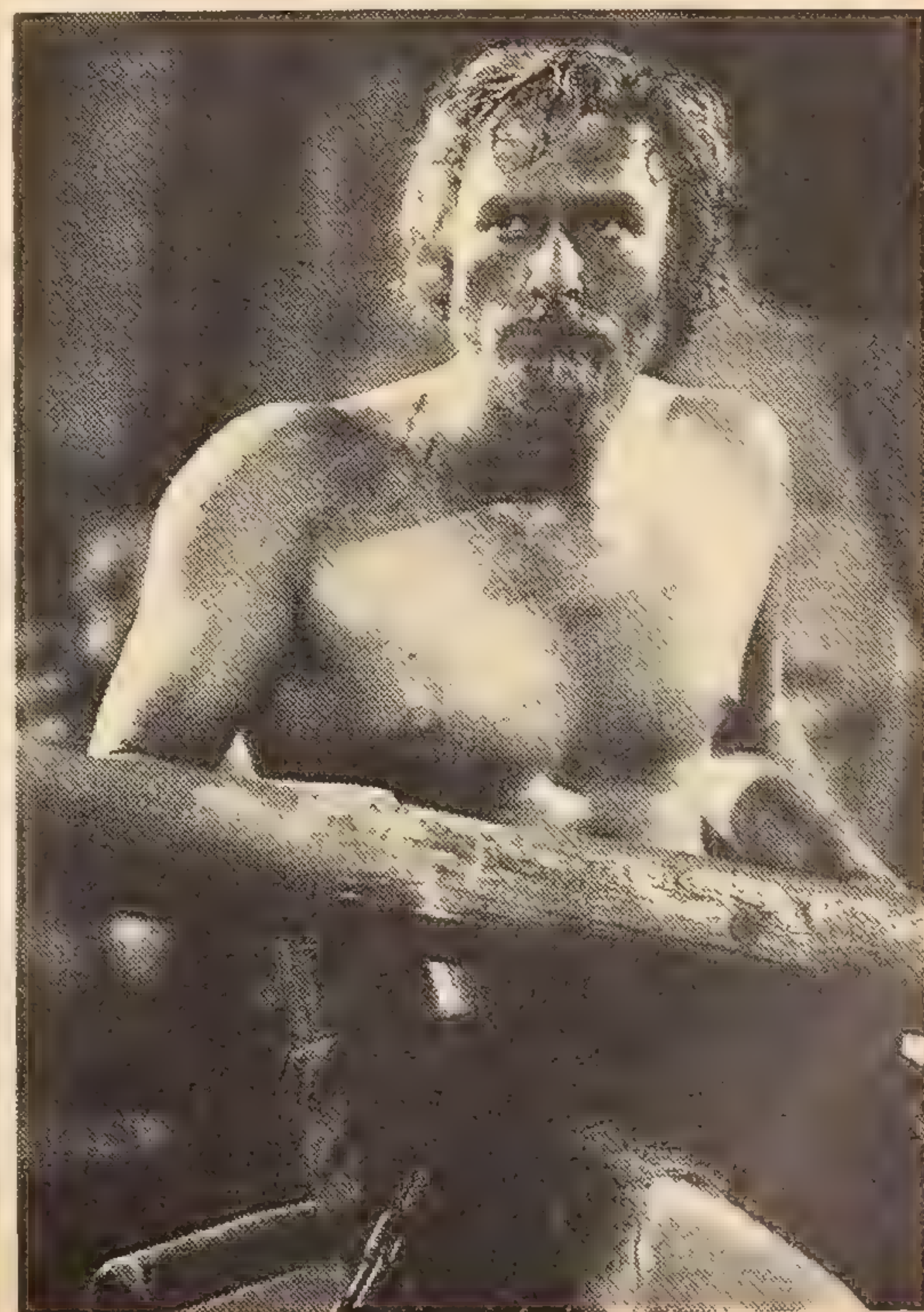


The man on the flying trapeze has nothing on Anne Gwynne, sailing through the air at left. Miss Gwynne, and Helen Parrish and Anne Nagel, the spirited mermaids on opposite page, express the beauty and liveliness of Hollywood. Miss Gwynne's bra top and shorts swim suit is of tri-colored lastex; Helen's satin suit has polka-dot trim; and Miss Nagel's trim one-piece wool suit is cut for freedom and action.

THERE is no accounting for some people's taste. After seeing it with your own eyes you can hardly believe it's true, but waffles, for George Raft, have to be swimming in Worcestershire sauce before he'll eat them. . . . They say the Hays office stepped in and changed the negligees that Hedy Lamarr wears in "Boom Town" a number of times (not literally, of course) before they tamed them down enough for all of us to see. . . . Don't you wish you worked for Don Ameche? Don and Honore gave their children's nurse a rip-snortin' wedding with everything from a champagne breakfast to a honeymoon—all paid for. Most thrilling of all, for the girl—Don gave her away himself.

THEY tell this story about Spencer Tracy, and in my estimation it shows up Spencer for just the kind of a fellow he is. He is truly the autograph hound's dream come true—he is that considerate. He was besieged at the entrance of a radio broadcasting theater here in Hollywood and swamped with requests for autographs. Spencer signed them all and then he was begged to get his co-star, Bette Davis, to put her signature beside his. Spence didn't want to take the chance of making such a request of anyone as temperamental as Bette. But, instead, he offered to take a candid camera shot of her for each one who had a camera with him. He gathered up the cameras, posed Bette, and with the aid of a spotlight and a fake bunch of roses, clicked priceless exclusive poses of her for every fan present. Tracy's popularity jumped 100% with those hounds inside of ten minutes.

And lest so much beauty take your breath away, we give you, below, Errol Flynn, all bearded up for his starring rôle in "The Sea Hawk," film of colorful adventure.



LORETTA YOUNG stormed into an executive office at Columbia with a battle royal in her eyes, but after a stormy session of desk-pounding, the tables were suddenly turned, and she left chuckling good-naturedly. Unmistakably, that morning she was horrified to see a very smart street outfit, especially designed for her in "The Doctor Takes a Wife," walking into the studio—on another woman. She had already bought the whole ensemble for her own wardrobe and it gave her a turn to see someone else already wearing an exact copy. Loretta demanded that the studio be fine-combed for the offender. Soon, a grinning, gold-toothed darky janitress was on the carpet. "Sure ah copied that outfit from a still—ah thought it was so beautiful! Ah knew Miz Young wouldn't mind." Here, with a knowing wink and a flashy smile for Loretta, she added, "Because ah am sure we ain't goin' to be seen at the same parties and dances, is we, honey?" Loretta lapsed into chuckles and the incident was closed.

MARLENE DIETRICH never missed a day at the professional tennis matches, but they say she has never played the game herself. It's too strenuous for the valuable curves of the Dietrich legs. . . . Virginia Bruce has learned to sign her autograph in shorthand and loves to send out pictures with her signature in hen tracks. Virginia has the rôle of an airline hostess in her new film, "Flight Angels."

THE Hayes office wouldn't want me to say so, but bad women have been having a field day in Hollywood lately. That is, in celluloid, on the screen. Being decidedly bad has been the salvation of a number of feminine screen names that I'm sure goody-goody rôles could never have brought back with any degree of interest. Contrary to the maxim that goodness is its own reward, Marlene Dietrich has her rowdy portrayal of a dance hall dame to thank for the revival of interest in her. There is no denying that Mae West's shady shenanigans in "My Little Chickadee" gave her lagging career a shot in the arm. However, the most promising future of all to result from the most purple of recent portrayals, is promised for Ona Munson. As *Belle Watling* in "Gone With The Wind," Ona got herself a screen reputation that is carrying her right along as nothing else in her career ever has. She is signed to do three films, more work than she has had the privilege of looking forward to for years. Her starring picture for Republic, unless I'm only letting my imagination run away with me, sounds extremely sultry. The film is titled, "The Lady from New Orleans."

IF MARY MARTIN were the type, she could give Hollywood a loud horse laugh, because the tables certainly have been reversed, and it is now Mary's turn to guffaw, loud and long. Hollywood absolutely ignored her until she went back to the stage and made a hit. The following unknown story shows how completely Mary was belittled, but how tenaciously she stuck to what she knew she could do. When Danielle Darrieux was making her picture for Universal the only job Mary could get was a few days work coaching the French star on how to put over an American song, and that job wasn't Mary's very long. The temperamental Darrieux couldn't bear to have a nobody tell her what to do, especially how to sing. Mary didn't even get to keep her job as a meager salaried studio employee. She was fired and Miss Darrieux sang as she pleased. Now, a few years later, Hollywood is paying Mary a star's salary. But the big news about Mary, who won fame singing *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* in the Broadway musical, "Leave It To Me," is that her heart now belongs to Richard Halliday, Paramount story editor. The transfer of affection took place recently when the two eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, to be married.

THIS proves you can still boost yourself along in Hollywood if you've got enough courage and imagination. In "Lucky Partners," co-starring Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman, you'll see a young fellow, new to the screen, by the name of Jack Carson. He got that rôle by doing a little quick and clever brain work on his own. When he first applied for the part Lewis Milestone, the director, turned him down so quickly and completely that the thud was deadening. However, Carson from his disappointment learned something about the rôle. The fellow had to be husky, but serious and studious. By a clever ruse Jack got a copy of the script and learned the lines perfectly. He confronted Milestone again as an unknown, disguised in a freak moustache and horn-rimmed glasses. He read the part with just the right ring of sincerity. He got the job before Milestone found out who he was.



Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Patterson, greet Boyer's mother, who arrived from France to remain with her son for the duration of the war.



IT'S been proven, and don't ask how, that Andy Devine wears old-fashioned flannel nightshirts the year around. . . . If you could see Virginia Field, without Richard Greene, having the time of her life at the Club Bali these nights, you'd wonder how much truth there is in the rumors of their marriage. . . . Now it comes out that Jimmy Cagney wasn't shot in the hand by Ann Sheridan at all. While filming a scene for "Torrid Zone" he was nicked by a lesser contract player but Warners got reams of publicity by pinning the shot on glamorous Ann. . . . If you could see Bill Holden, back from the "Arizona" location, and Brenda Marshall together you'd swear they were on the verge of immediate marriage.

GAIL PATRICK gave up all offers of picture assignments to travel with husband Bob Cobb's baseball team, and thereby lost a couple of very lucrative rôles. She preferred to count the home runs and batting averages of her favorite players. . . . No matter how Garbo pictures stack up as money-makers, the Swedish star, herself, has averaged about \$317,240 a year for every one of the fourteen years she has made pictures here. That's a record. . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald, who is Mrs. Lindsay-Hogg in private life and who played in "A Child Is Born," recently became the mother of a nine-pound baby boy.

Jon Hall, below, who made his début in "The Hurricane," is back on the screen in another South Seas romance, "South of Pago Pago." Frances Farmer shown with him, makes her movie comeback in the rôle of a Polynesian belle.



Director Frank Capra welcomed Loretta Young and Richard Barthelmess to the party celebrating his new Warner contract with this big smile.

AFTER four years of jumping about from studio to studio doing outstanding rôles, Maria Ouspenskaya quietly wept when she was led into her new permanent dressing room at M-G-M. . . . Madeleine Carroll went shopping for a tree and she knew exactly what she wanted. It had to be a tree that lost its leaves in the fall. She wants a change from the always green trees of California. . . . It should make you chuckle, or at least give you a grin. The supposed porpoise that was daily seen frisking about out in the Santa Monica yacht harbor turned out, upon investigation, to be no one else than Edna May Oliver. Believe it or not, Miss Oliver goes in swimming there every day, winter or summer.





High up on a hilltop, Virginia Vale laughs in the face of sun and wind. Perfect for your country vacation are those Alice blue slacks, blazer striped in repeated blue, and cylindrical straw hat striped in navy and Alice blue. These are casual clothes, but look how groomed and perfectly ordered Virginia looks. Apply this ideal to all costumes.

For dining and dancing, Rosemary Lane looks like a lovely tropical flower. That gown is chalk white with black, coral and sapphire blue gigantic flowers. The sunburst pleated skirt will swirl gracefully in a rumba, and Rosemary will keep that divinely cool, composed and comfortable charm. It's summer magic! The spell is woven of good grooming.

Clean, Cool and Crisp

Some simple heat-resistant treatments that will keep you feeling and looking as fresh as a daisy

By Courtenay Marvin

BILLOWING yards of white organdie that frame you in a frosty though not unapproachable beauty. A tall glass, jeweled with beads of moisture from its cooling contents and clinking ice cubes. The lulling murmur of an electric fan, soft music to your ears, as your favorite swing king drops his baton for a moment. A mid-July night's dream of comfort! But all this, and heat waves too? Indeed, yes. You will achieve this state of body and mind through some very simple and old devices, well worth a reminder now, and here's how.

A gallant approach to summer begins in your tub, whether you shower or bathe in the good old traditional manner. It begins with tepid water, never really hot, never really cold. Hot water is enervating, and a good idea when you want to relieve extreme fatigue or high tension and are going straight to bed, but not for general activity. Cold water is exhilarating—too exhilarating for blazing weather when what you need is a cooling, sedative effect. As *hors-d'oeuvres* to your cleansing-cooling ritual you need soap, eau de Cologne and bath or talcum



powder, and you need to use them all lavishly. Soap is a fundamental beautifier and you can't use too much if you will rinse it well from the skin. And don't be afraid to use soap on your face. If ever your face will respond to creamy suds, it is now, when excess oil and moisture need frequent and thorough removal. Discussion often arises on this point of soap or cream for the face. Every skin needs some of both. This is the story I am always hearing from the stars—some of both. If you use much make-up, you will find it advisable to remove it first with a cleansing cream, then wash with soap and water, applying a little softening cream afterwards if your skin seems to need it. In theater, in Hollywood studios, in homes, this is about the safest fundamental routine for good skin care that I know.

Experiment to find the soap best suited to your face skin, because soaps must vary to meet different tastes and needs, as do other necessities of living. However, my personal experience is that the good, everyday, recognized brands that we use for the bath do very, very well by most skins. Personally, too, I prefer a normal size, because it is easy to manipulate. The great magnum size cakes are lovely for gifts and grand to use if you are a tubber. However, as a frequent showerer, I find a tendency to slip from hands and give the toes a nice bruise now and then. But this is a matter of taste. Some smart ideas to avoid this situation are the bath soaps that come on soft cotton cords to be hung around the neck as you shower. These make grand gifts. Your favorite size, scent, color and general type are waiting on the shelves of chain, grocery, drug, department and specialty shops, and it is well worth your while to look about and see what is to be had.

In using soap on the face, it is important to rinse it thoroughly from the skin, not give just a slam-bang slap or two of water. I once heard a dermatologist advise, "Seven good rinses of water to the face." You don't have to fill and empty your basin seven times. Turn on the faucet and apply seven good palmfuls of clear, cool water to your skin.

When your skin seems excessively oily, erupted or dampish, here is a soap-masque treatment especially clarifying and effective for these conditions. Wash your face, rinse, then work up a fresh lather and apply, as you would a masque, in light, upward movements. Let this remain on until you feel a slight drying or pulling sensation. Rinse off very thoroughly, and your skin will look radiant, the texture finer and more attractive. This treatment has a slightly astringent effect, just what you need as a toner-upper. Many a starlet has mentioned this type of home-made beauty to me.

Eau de Cologne or any of the versions of this type of freshener and dusting or talcum powder are hot-weather body blessings. Eau de Cologne, too, enables you to indulge your taste for luxury at a modest price, for practically every fine perfume now has its lighter counter-part, which you can afford to buy and use lavishly. You will find new scents that you wouldn't have dreamed of even a few years ago. After your bath, spread this liquid sweetness well over your body, from neck to toes, either by pouring a little in your palms and laving your body or by spraying. I am for the spraying method, and some of these products come fitted with their own spray, because it distributes a fine mist over the skin and is economical. You can buy inexpensive but lovely eau de Cologne atomizers, which have a larger mouth than the usual perfume types. These fresheners give your skin a soft smoothness, seem to retard

(Continued on page 96)

Yours for Loveliness

Travelers and vacationists,
here are ideal companions!



Use Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap and Foot Balm and see the world in comfort.

NOTHING contributes so much to your summer poise as cool, comfortable feet. If your job keeps you on your toes, if you are World's Fair bound or if you plan other sightseeing, be wise and call to your extreme aid Dr. Scholl's Granulated Foot Soap and Liquid Foot Balm. Designed to comfort and correct burning, aching and tired feet, these preparations are truly a boon. The soap is for quick, thorough and easy cleansing, and the balm, just what its name implies, is used for massage. They will leave your feet feeling cool, comfortable and rested. You will welcome those new shoes instead of dreading them, and you will avoid the facial strain and lines that come from hurting feet. See the world in comfort!



Give your legs a new and child-like beauty with Lechler's Velvet-Stohn.

LEG skin as lovely, hair-free and flawless as your face skin with Lechler's Velvet-Stohn! This is a solid disc that you use almost with powder puff ease and speed to gently erase hair on legs, face or arms. It is easy to carry with you in an attractive compact-like case. You need nothing else. When you don swim suit, play suit or sheer hosiery, remember that your legs are an important part of you. They deserve fully as much beauty attention as your face. A Velvet-Stohn will last a long time. Please, however, read and follow directions carefully for best results. On request, I will gladly write you where to buy.

THE new Milady's Mitties are transparent pliofilm mitts that you slip on to protect hands against wear and tear. Wonderful for gardening, house cleaning, dish washing, messy office work and a hundred and one such chores. Slip them over your dress gloves when driving a car; slip them on to protect bed linen against hand cream marks; in fact, get a pair and you'll never be without. Very inexpensive, long lasting, and affording much hand freedom. Start your bride friends out with a pair. For sale in drug and department stores.



"Pour yourself a pair of stockings" with Miner's Liquid Make-Up.

MAKE up your legs and make this important fashion area of you as charming and attractive to look upon as your face. The vogue for this smart and economical touch has been growing for several seasons. This summer, it will hit its zenith. Miner's Liquid Make-Up is an ideal preparation to give legs a beautiful, soft and smoothing finish—in fact, to make them glamorous. This is a liquid type of powder, long recognized for its beautifying effect on face, neck and arms, and now it puts the rest of you in tune. "Pour yourself a pair of stockings," say the makers, stockings of extreme beauty and appeal, I add. Hawaiian is the new, lush tone of the Tropics—lovely!



Keep fresh and fragrant with Cheramy's April Showers cologne and powder.

FOR skin refreshment and fragrance, here are two of my favorites, to remind you that you can feel beautifully clean and cool underneath, even in torrid weather. Cheramy's April Showers—the fragrance of youth—comes in a number of fine toilet accessories, but two necessities, it seems to me, are April Showers Eau de Cologne and Dusting Powder (or Talcum, if you prefer). The combination seems to "insulate" you against the discomfort and disarray of warm days. They give a cooling, soothing, refreshing touch and make you reminiscent of a dell of woodland flowers. Lovely they are, and lovely they make you!

C. M.



A striking view of the north side of the Basil Rathbone garden, one of the most picturesque in Southern California.

Hollywood's Strange Social Code

Continued from page 29

readily "accepted" in the sophisticated salons and chic night clubs of Paris. To the rhythms of Irving Berlin, the Vanderbilts danced with the Bennetts, the Astors danced with the Astaires, while many a Judy O'Grady and Colonel's Lady became life-long chums over a double martini in the Ritz Bar. The Morgans were delighted with Gloria Swanson, the Whitneys let down their back hair with the Fairbankses, and it was all very gay, and very, very social.

Then came the stock market crash of 1929, followed by a dreary depression—and Paris Society was no more. It scattered to the four winds, like the bit of fluff it was, only to assemble itself several years later in—of all strange places—Hollywood. That brash upstart movie town on the Pacific Coast, scorned by the Literati, smug in their Eastern Culture, suddenly became the great Bohemian Society capital of the world. Hollywood today is Paris before the depression. The Ciro's of today on Sunset Boulevard is the same as Ciro's in the Paris of 1928. The same mingling of New York's Four Hundred, Europe's Decadent Titles, Actors, Writers, and Amiable Young Men—and dozens of them.

Well, naturally, when Hollywood became a Society capital, more international than Washington, more fun than Newport, there was much buzzing around as to who would be the social leaders. You'd think, wouldn't you, that the stars (it's no secret that actors are a perfect push-over for the social nod) would knock each other down in a hectic rush to establish themselves as social arbiters. You'd think that the Crosbys, the Gables, the Taylors, the Powells, and the Eddys would become Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt of Hollywood. You'd think that Rosalind Russell and Madeleine Carroll would blue pencil the Who's Who list, separate the sheep from the goats, the "ins" from the "outs." But no. Believe it or not, and you may as well believe it, the actors are the only folk in Hollywood who aren't breaking their necks to get into Society.

The real social leaders of Hollywood, strangely enough, are the producers and their wives. With the exception of Connie

Bennett and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, it's the producer set, with their summer beach homes along the Santa Monica Strip, who rule Hollywood Society. They are the ones, perhaps the only ones, who have the three requisites for social leadership: money, power, and desire. So, if you are a socially-minded young thing, with upper bracket ambitions, don't run after the movie stars, that won't get you any place; try snaring the producers.

The most exclusive Hollywood society is found in the David O. Selznick group. Big, genial David "Gone With the Wind" Selznick with his young wife Irene, herself attractive enough to be a Glamor Girl, are the recognized social leaders in the Cinema City, and an invitation to the Selznicks' is definitely an "in." Jock Whitney, millionaire blue blood sportsman, is constantly with David, and gives quite a dash to the Selznick group—especially as his divorce from his wife, Liz Whitney, due any minute now, will make him the best catch in Hollywood (and don't think a lot of the girls aren't waiting to pounce). Running each other a close second in social importance are the Darryl Zanucks and William Goetzes. Darryl is the popular polo playing "boss" of Twentieth Century-Fox, and the Zanuck parties, presided over by pretty Virginia Zanuck (formerly movie star Virginia Fox, and considered the most friendly of the producers' wives)—are eagerly awaited by fun-loving Hollywood. Cheery Bill Goetz, Vice-president of Twentieth Century-Fox, and his vivacious wife, Edie, entertain constantly, and beautifully. Edie, daughter of Metro's L. B. Mayer, and sister of Irene Selznick, is generally acknowledged the best dressed and most chic of the producers' wives. Other social leaders among the producers are Ann and Jack Warner (Ann's parties, decorated by William Haines, are the most lavish in the colony), Charlie and Paulette Goddard Chaplin (they go in mostly for topnotch visiting celebrities), Sam and Frances Goldwyn, Mervyn and Doris LeRoy, Ernst and Vivian Lubitsch—and, of course, the most sought-after eligible man in Hollywood, Joe Schenck.

Ouida Bergere, wife of tall, charming, friendly Basil Rathbone, has a niche all her own in Hollywood society. Neither a star, nor the wife of a producer, Ouida's parties are conceded to be the most successful in Hollywood. At most producers' parties the guests, after a gold-plate dinner, must either choose between poker (and what stakes, my dear) and seeing a picture—usually a picture which they've all seen before. But at Ouida's parties there's noth-



The foyer, above, showing the grilled white circular stairway. Below, mirrored dressing table in one of the guest rooms.



ing so stuffy as poker and pictures. There's dancing, music, lights, and laughter—and to hell with the expense. Ouida's guest list, too, is far more flexible than that of the producers' as she manages to assemble under one roof, or one big tent, as is the Hollywood custom, quite a neat assortment of people, ranging from Titles to Columnists, with a goodly smattering of movie stars—all of which adds to the general gaiety. Even the producers have been known to comment that Ouida's parties are more fun than theirs because you don't have to see the same old faces.

After her last Hollywood Guild (charity) party, a weekly magazine took a severe crack at Ouida which was quite uncalled for. They reported that after the Alpine charity ball that charity was \$2000 in the red. This is not true and Ouida has the figures to prove it isn't true. Her last two charity balls have netted the Hollywood Guild approximately \$8,000—which is not to be laughed at. The fact that the heavens let loose a deluge of rain completely wrecking her imported snow at her recent Alpine party did not dampen the enthusiasm of the guests at all. Even when the elements conspire against her Ouida's parties are not bores.

But of course, fans that we are, you and I are far more interested in the stars who are "in" than we are in the producers and their wives. The stars who make up the Big Ten in Hollywood Society, who are on every smart guest list, are Connie Bennett, Joan Bennett (as the wife of Walter Wanger she also gets in on the producers'), Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, the Fred Astaires, the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.s., the Gary Coopers, and the Tyrone Powers. Connie Bennett has number one spot on the list, as she is by far the most social of all Hollywood stars. Her parties, usually arranged for her by her good friend Elsa Maxwell, are the most elaborate of star parties in Hollywood. Thanks to Elsa's influence she usually has as many Amusing People as Right People, and there's nothing that peps up a party like Amusing People. Joan Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer go in for rather small dinner parties with exactly the right guests and the right wines and the right amount of small talk. Producers and their wives are very much in evidence—and so are Irene dresses. Loretta Young rarely entertains, but she's so popular with the men that no hostess would dare cut her off the list. Fred Astaire, like Connie Bennett, has been "in" Society, both in Europe and America, for a long time. His marriage to Phyllis Potter, East-



Corner of the oak-panelled library. The upholstered sofa is of rough textured green material; etchings are by Philip Giddens.



Above, a close-up view which reflects the quiet charm of the house; below, the Rathbones in the garden by the Lily pond.



ern socialite, definitely cinched him. Doug Jr., with the fine old name of Fairbanks, also married into Eastern Society last spring when he married Mary Lee Epling, the ex-wife of Huntington Hartford. Ever since his marriage to Sandra Shaw, Gary Cooper has been in Hollywood Society. The Astaires, Fairbanks, Jr.s., and the Coopers do not go in for elaborate entertaining. The Tyrone Powers are new on the Big Ten list. Before his marriage to Annabella young Ty was just one of those fresh kids who ran around with his gang of studio pals. But after a year of marriage Ty and his Annabella are now very much "in" Society.

How do the stars get "in" Hollywood Society? That's rather difficult to answer. Background means nothing. Your father could have been a ditch-digger, and your mother a laundress. Money is important, but not too important. The Amiable Young Men, mentioned before, rarely have a dime, but they are right there in society. You might be a social leader in Charleston, a very snooty town, but unless the producers' set accepts you in Hollywood you're definitely "out." You might be awfully pretty, and awfully charming, you might even be the biggest box office attraction in Hollywood, but unless the producers' set takes you up you might just as well give up all social ambitions in Hollywood. Nobody knows how you get "in." You're just "in," or you're "out."

Do the stars want to be in the top social set in Hollywood? Do they want to be upper crust? Some of them, like the Clark Gables and the Robert Taylors, do not. But most of them do. But not for the reason you think. Not because they find it loads of fun to play poker with David Selznick, discuss polo with Darryl Zanuck, or listen to Mervyn LeRoy's dialect stories. But because it is darned good business. It gives a star prestige to be in the producers' set, and prestige is something that pays off long after everything else has failed. Prestige in Hollywood, as it is in every big business, is a neat little investment. Many an actor is carried along on prestige long after his box office has sunk as low as a snake's belly.

Yes, indeed, from the actors' point of view it's good business to mingle with the socially great. And business, I fear me, is the keynote of Hollywood Society. When it's reduced to its lowest common denominator Hollywood's social code is just a pretty good business proposition. But then, all social codes are, aren't they? So there's really nothing strange about it at all!



A complete music library is a feature of the home of Basil Rathbone. The dark mahogany built-in case to hold records was designed by Mrs. Rathbone.

Girls! Make Marriage Your Career

Continued from page 63

world, our future ambitions included, in our venture."

A certain tenacity of purpose in Osa's character is clearly portrayed by Martin's oft-told story of their departure on that first expedition: They had said heart-breaking farewells to family and friends at home. They were on the train *en route* to the West Coast to board a ship. All of a sudden, Martin began to get 'cold feet,' as he realized more and more how completely they were casting off all connections with civilization. After all, he thought, there were plenty of opportunities to be had right here in this country. So he voiced his thoughts to Osa. Her reaction was instantaneous. She grabbed hold of the lapel of his coat and gave it a shake, saying: "Look here, Martin, you are the one who started us on this South Sea Island business. I agreed to go with you—and I'm going. So, don't you get side-tracked on other things until we have finished this job first!"

Time after time, this stick-to-it trait of Osa's was sorely tried. On one occasion, Martin and Osa—in their zeal to take films of cannibals—landed at an out-of-the-way island inhabited only by savages. They went ashore and began photographing these wild people. Suddenly, they found themselves surrounded by tribesmen, who handled them roughly and led them away as prisoners, Martin in one direction, Osa in another. It looked as if they were headed for the cooking pot. Just then, fortunately (or this career in-the-making would have ended right there), a British warship called at the island in search of them. They were rescued—just in time.

Shortly after this nerve-wrecking experience, Martin asked Osa if she hadn't had enough. Her reply was: "Have you got the film you came after?"

"Not all of it," he had to admit.

"Then, let's get it," she insisted.

Still not deviating from the main purpose, you see, in spite of risks and hardships. A man would *have* to succeed with such an example of perseverance before him.

I wonder if *you*, at eighteen or so, can adjust yourself as rapidly and as agreeably

to an entirely different mode of life as Osa did? Remember, there was no telephone to ask the grocer to send over this and that—in fact, there was no corner grocery store. There was no electricity. There were no doctors within a radius of miles. There were no afternoon bridge parties; and there was no association with other white women for months at a time. But Osa managed to adjust herself quickly. She was enthusiastic about the out-of-door life and the beauty of the scenes around her. She was interested in everything. When she was not engaged with pots and pans and the domestic side of her life, she was busy helping Martin with his photographic work, or learning odd languages from the natives. She would be quite surprised should you think it strange that one could jump so quickly from the routine of civilization back to the more primitive type of life.

"Any young, happy, and healthy girl," she

would say, "can develop adaptability to environments and situations—whether pleasant or uncomfortable. The important thing is to school yourself to meet your tasks cheerfully; and in time, you will be amazed how easily you can take the ups and downs in your stride. It really is just as easy to develop a natural, happy disposition as it is to form the habit of complaining. And there is no one more unpopular—with her husband and every one else—than a chronic whiner! I saw plenty of them in our wanderings. I had to listen to many tales of woe—"the climate was awful, there was nothing of interest to do, the black boys were lazy and stupid, they, themselves, were lonely, their husbands neglected them, etc., etc."—No wonder they were neglected! Subconsciously, I vowed that, come what may, my husband would at least enjoy having me around."

Now, every girl—in the pursuit of a career—must know that there is never any time for loafing or lying down on the job. And if you think that your schedule of self-improvement to keep abreast of the times is strenuous, just glance at a few of Osa's problems in self-education. She learned how to shoot a rifle, and practiced until she was a reliable and good marksman. And if you wonder why this was necessary in her scheme of things, she will tell you:

"Inasmuch as there were no butcher shops, it was necessary to supply fresh meat for our own use and for the porters. In fact, the British government in East Africa requires that fresh meat be supplied to the blacks. But, most important of all, Martin had to be protected by a gun while he cranked the camera in photographing wild animals."

So great was Martin Johnson's confidence in Osa's steadiness and accuracy in shooting, that he was able to concentrate entirely on his camera without being concerned with the danger involved. Once, when he was photographing lions on the plains of Africa, one of them charged directly at him and the camera. He cranked on. It was a splendid picture. Osa fired when the lion was about fifteen feet away. She wounded the beast; but he came on. She fired again. This time she killed him; but he dropped almost touching Martin's foot. Several times, she has shot charging elephants, once within a few yards of the camera. And this is the work of a woman who had never handled a gun before the time of her marriage!

The coral on the French Provincial chest in the drawing room was a gift from Sir Hubert Wilkins. The walls of the playroom are covered with friends' pictures.



Osa has learned to speak several native dialects, so that she can give instructions regarding the details of camp life. She has been able to converse with tribesmen, in their language, regarding hunting and their native lore. She has learned to drive automobiles of all types and has operated one of the trucks in their field work across miles of African terrain.

From the ground, Martin and Osa had photographed a good portion of Central and Eastern Africa, and most of the wild life therein. Times were changing. More and more, airplanes were coming into use. Back in civilization, the Johnsons purchased two planes—"The Spirit of Africa" and "Osa's Ark"—and they learned to pilot them. When they returned to Africa, they flew across the country filming herds of wild animals from the air.

Even on the return to the United States, their career—for, remember, this was a partnership—demanded more energetic work than ever. Film had to be edited and titled. Contacts had to be made; business conferences attended, both at the office and during a social evening. They gave lectures and made public appearances with their pictures throughout this country. Osa even took lessons in public speaking, so that she would be able to talk before large audiences. In fact, the tragedy occurred several years ago, when they were flying—as passengers—to the West Coast to keep lecture engagements. The plane crashed—Martin died as the result of injuries—Osa suffered severe cuts, shock, and a broken hip. From a wheel chair, in spite of sorrow and shattered nerves, she carried out their lecture engagement contract. She has made personal appearances with the films in practically every town in the United States that has a population of five thousand or more.

In the gaps between big jobs, Osa revelled in the luxury of purchasing new and lovely raiment. She loves pretty clothes. In spite of all the man-sized jobs that she has tackled, she has retained an attractive femininity.

I well recall our first meeting—over fifteen years ago—in Carl Akeley's studio at the American Museum of Natural History. Osa and Martin were leaving soon for their first trip to Africa. I, as a member of the Akeley Expedition to collect gorillas for a group in the Natural History Museum, would be departing several months later for Central Africa. We all planned to have New Year's dinner together in Nairobi, East Africa. Osa looked so pretty in her smart suit and becoming hat, that we began



A charming corner in Mrs. Rathbone's bedroom with its dusty pink walls, and chair and day bed upholstered in quilted brown satin. The net drapes are brown, too.

talking about what clothes we might need on our trips. She informed me that Martin was quite annoyed with her, and that she did not know whether she would have any practical walking boots. He had given her the money to buy boots and field clothes. But she had seen so many lovely things to wear on board ship and in England, that she had lost her head completely. In fact, she had spent most of her money in the dress department!

You know the old saying about "Home is wherever you hang your hat." Well, this was quite true in Osa's case. Sometimes, her domicile was a small boat or a thatched-roof mud hut, or a tent. She will tell you that she enjoys to the utmost the soft carpets, the electric gadgets, and the modern plumbing in a city apartment hotel—provided she can have a small kitchenette. (For Osa is truly domestic. She is fond of cooking and experimenting with new dishes.) But she will also tell you that she can feel equally at home and perfectly comfortable in a tent in Africa.

"The routine of living is pretty much the same any place," she will remark. "When I am in camp, I bathe in a canvas bath tub. The water is heated in pails over

an open fire and poured into the tub, instead of coming in by faucet. I sleep between clean sheets on a comfortable folding cot. My toilet articles and cold creams are arranged on a camp table instead of on the regular dressing table. Furthermore, I use those cleansing creams religiously every night—especially in the tropics—to offset the damage done in the daytime by exposure to heat and sun. Of course, I realize that a cheerful expression is more important than the external texture of the skin. If you're a smart girl, you'll have both!"

At times, Osa did the cooking herself. At other times, she trained native black boys to prepare and serve the meals the way she wanted them. She always superintended the work of the cook. She soon discovered that food became very monotonous unless it was prepared in different forms to tempt the taste. So, she improvised special dishes to vary the menu. Right then, Osa began developing a culinary technique which has become an art.

Here are a few of her special recipes which will add zest to your regular dinners. Moreover, you can prepare them in a modern kitchen or over a camp-fire:

APPETIZER—SARDINE CANAPES

Mash sardines. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon prepared mustard, dash of celery salt, teaspoon of grated onion juice, teaspoon of ketchup. Mix with oil of sardines to the consistency of a paste. Serve hot or cold on crisp toast or on toasted crackers.

SOUP—CREAM OF PEANUT

Melt 3 tablespoonsful of peanut butter and add 3 cups of milk—evaporated or fresh. (If evaporated milk is used, dilute to consistency of fresh milk.) Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, teaspoon celery salt, 2 heaping teaspoons onion juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of chili powder. Heat to boiling point, but do not boil. When ready to serve, add 1 teaspoon whipped cream and dash of paprika.

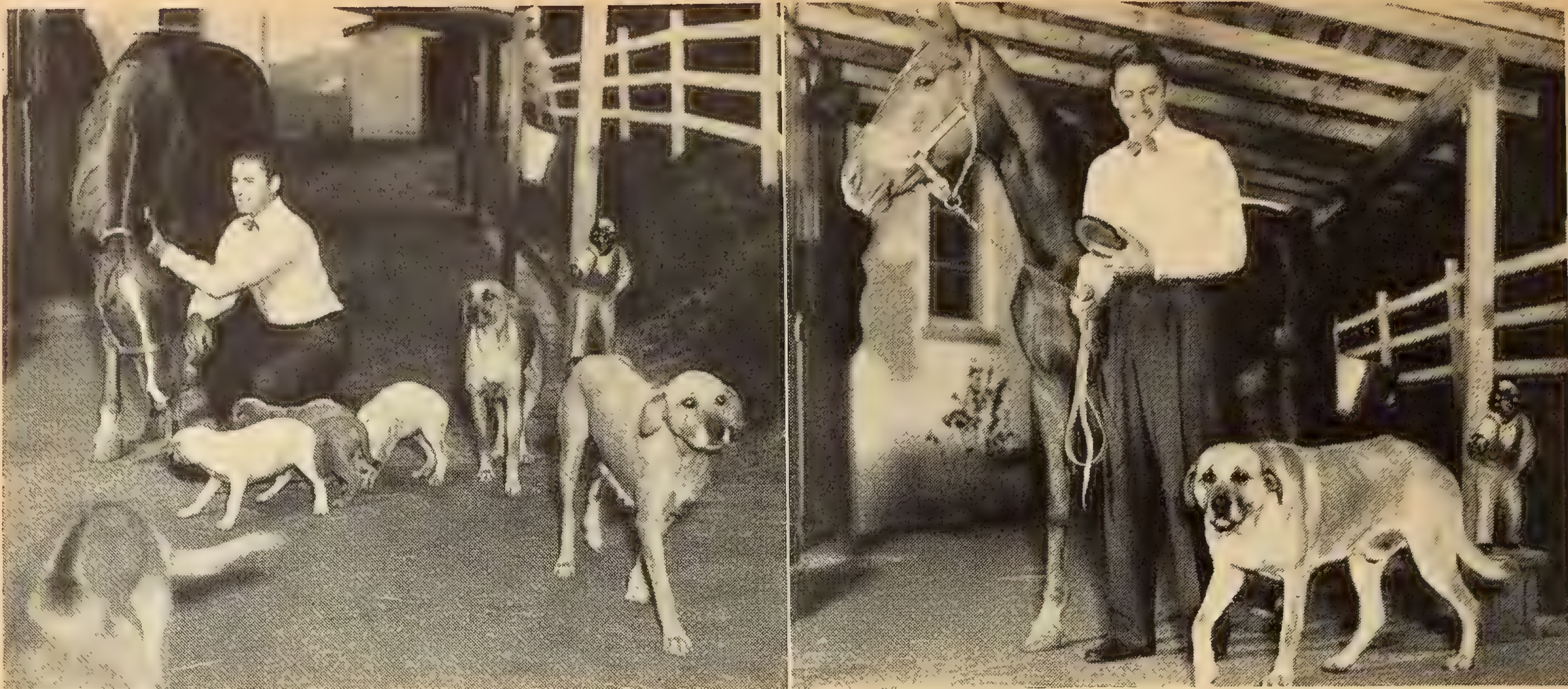
DESSERT—APRICOT PUDDING

Boil dried apricots until tender, and run them through sieve. Make boiled custard. Take 2 egg whites, beat until stiff, fold into custard. Let stand until cool. Cover custard with apricots. Cover with whipped cream.

"The way to a man's heart," Osa will add, "may not be entirely via the stomach; but good tasty food certainly does wonders to keep him well and contented."

Comfortable luxury is the keynote of the bedroom. The elegant bed is of the brown quilted satin, framed in mirrors. The desk and chair are of bleached wood.





Good Advice from Spencer Tracy

Continued from page 31

Errol Flynn likes nothing better than to be able to spend idle hours with his pets. Left, the curious pups watching Errol's horse-currying job are his Rhodesian Lion Hounds. Above, Flynn's well-groomed horse and a full-grown hound.

and invented the phonograph before lunch one morning. In two days' work I went through all the nine years' experiments with the electric bulb. This morning we filmed the wedding; Rita Johnson who plays Mrs. Edison, and I got married. This afternoon, the happy couple will be doing scenes with their children. What I mean is, we seem to be living in a push-button world, these days. We kinda forget that someone had to invent the push-buttons.

"Point is," Spence explained, "we got through these scenes like we did because, for one thing, Clarence Brown, who is directing us, has spent years learning his job. So any problems we met were quickly solved because of the arduous apprenticeship of the man who holds the megaphone. Like it took Edison nine years to make the experiments for the bulb, but once he hit on using a piece of thread impregnated with carbon it took him only a few hours to make the final and successful experiment. See what I mean?"

"Edison once said, 'all I want is a place to work and some tools to work with.' Well, that's what I've got here on the set. I have the exact reproduction of the Menlo Park laboratory of Edison. But I have it because Henry Ford cared enough to have it moved, intact, to his Greenfield Village, at Dearborn, Michigan. Intact, I mean, to the original dirt on which it stood. I have it thanks to the pains and expense to which the studio went to reproduce it, authentic in every detail, here on the sound stage."

He "has it" because of the pains *he* took, too, by the way. For Spencer, accompanied by Clarence Brown, Producer John Considine and the script writers, visited the laboratory in Dearborn. And thanks to the cooperation of Henry Ford, they brought back to Hollywood photographs of the interior and exterior, close-ups of every individual invention. They brought back, too, twelve reels of talking motion pictures, loaned them by Mr. Ford, which explain every part of the laboratory and the workings of the inventions. From these motion pictures, from the sketches and specifications and photographs, dozens of technicians working on the sets obtained complete information.

"As a result," Spence told me, "when you see the picture you'll see every item of Edison's laboratory in the exact and iden-

tical spot where he had them when he was working on his inventions. Almost every article in our studio lab.—and there are more than 10,000 of them—were made for the picture. Not a single one of the dozen or two Edison inventions is the genuine machine. It wasn't possible to move any of the rare pieces, of course. But every one of them is accurate down to the last detail. And every one of them will do what Edison's original models will do. Why I'm telling you all this, what I'm getting at is that we only push buttons *on other men's backs*. What I'd like to say is, we shouldn't be satisfied to be button-pushers. We should do a little back-bending ourselves.

"Maybe it's good advice, too, not to stop when you have a success any more than you should stop when you have a failure. Edison didn't turn a hair, one way or the other. He was only twenty-two when he invented the stock-ticker. He got \$40,000 for it, a big hunk of money in any day, but especially in those days. He didn't sit down on it. He threw it all into a laboratory and went on to the next thing. He didn't have any terminus in his life. They were all way-stations to him, failures and successes alike, everything he did. So maybe we should never say 'Now I'm on top of the world' or 'Now I'm down for the count of nine.'"

"He was only thirty-two when he invented the electric bulb. He was thirty when he invented the phonograph. Any one of these inventions would be the Life Work of any other man, *all* of it. Edison wasn't 'any other man.' He was his own man. He broke precedents like they were soap bubbles. Good idea for all of us to follow, or try to.

"He said: 'I lived twice as long as any other man because I worked twice as long,' (16 hours a day). He didn't measure time by the fun he had, but by the work he did. Not a bad tip, either. Maybe most of us are too soft, too easy on ourselves, worry too much about that 'all work and no play' slogan. Well, Edison didn't play and you sure couldn't call him a 'dull boy.' Makes you wonder how's about some *really* hard work as a cure-all for these economic evils we hear so much about and talk so much about. Might help!

"He never took the easiest ways. When he first went to New York, in 1869, he slept in the cellar of the Gold Exchange

Building, helped the janitor sweep out the building in payment for that lodging. When he was offered \$300 a month salary, and he was hounded by debt at the time, he said: 'I'd never leave a job if I made that much money'—and turned it down. He had faith in himself, in what he was going to do. We could all do with some more of that, faith in ourselves.

"Edison never took a drink. Point is, even if he'd *liked* hard liquors, he wouldn't have used them. He never let any habit get control of him, not even the habits of regular sleeping and eating. He'd work whole nights through, take cat-naps. He couldn't be bothered with regular meals when he was working. He'd grab a piece of apple pie, odd times, and let it go at that. Boy, the apple pie *I've* put away since I started this picture! So, maybe we should figure, how's about forgetting our creature comforts for a while? What if we *are* tired, hungry, hot, cold, uncomfortable?"

"And one thing is sure," said Spencer, gravely, "you've got to *care* about what you're doing, seems to me. You can't think of your job as a soft racket or just for what you can get out of it. You've got to care deeper than that—as Edison cared, when he gave his whole life to his work, not reckoning rewards; as Henry Ford cares; as the studio cared when it spared neither time nor expense to make the picture, 'Edison, the Man,' worthy of its great prototype."

As Spencer Tracy cares I thought. Spence is too modest in his own esteem. He'd think it the crassest kind of bragging to draw comparisons of any kind between himself and the great inventor who was, primarily, a great humanitarian. Nevertheless, there are comparisons to be made as there are between all men who—well, who "care deeper than that."

It was Henry Ford who first noticed how similar are the measurements of Tracy and the late Thomas Edison. When Spencer visited Henry and Edsel Ford in Detroit, Mr. Ford told Spencer to look into a mirror, then held up pictures of Edison so that Spencer could see for himself how striking the likeness is. And when Mrs. Madeleine Sloan, Edison's daughter, saw Spencer in the old-age make-up of Edison, at the age of 82, she burst into tears.

You can't get Spence to help much in making parallels between himself and Edison but—and it was like drawing so many teeth—I did extract these few tidbits from him: "Well, we both had funny sleeping habits, Edison with his cat-naps and me with my insomnia. He was very careless about his clothes, too. His wife had to buy them for him. Same here. Thanks to his indifference to clothes, I only have five changes throughout the entire picture. Don't have to bother with hair-cuts much, either. That comes natural. Edison had a sort of shoe fetish. He couldn't pass a shoe store without buying shoes. I'm like that about ties, ties and shirts. He used to like to swap stories with his cronies. I have the same liking. He liked music. Songs like *Sweet Genevieve* and *I'll See You Home Again, Kathleen* and *O, That We Two Were Mating* were his favorites. They were mine, too, long before I knew they were his. He used to play the organ with one finger, for relaxation. I poke at the piano with one finger. He used to go to the movies quite a lot. He didn't like 'problem' pictures, he liked pictures with 'happy endings.' Same with me. The gay, white lights didn't attract him; same here. In his later years he liked to go fishing off the coast of Florida. That's what I do whenever I can get away, go fishing off Catalina. Edison was a great reader. So am I. I read a lot nights, when I can't sleep. He was a window-gazer-outer. So'm I. His teacher once told his mother, 'the boy is addled'—they'd call it 'whacky' today. Teachers used to intimate the same to my folks. He burned his father's barn down when he was a kid and was publicly spanked. I upset the ice-box on my brother and was privately spanked. I don't say that both experiments were for the same creative cause!"

I can add one or two parallels without Spencer's help. Edison in the picture kept a huge assemblage waiting at a banquet to be given in his honor at the home of his friend, Henry Ford, while he gave an interview to two students for their high school paper. Spence once kept a very big movie producer waiting an hour and a half while he talked to one of the kids from *Boys Town*. Edison couldn't have been

called a religious man in the sense of being a church-goer but he often spoke of the trees and flowers, often said "there must be a Great Chemist behind all this somewhere." Spencer doesn't say much about religion, either, but Father Flanagan would tell you that the Golden Rule is written on Spencer's heart.

Spencer isn't the kind of a man, no more was Edison, to go about declaiming a Message for Humanity. If I should write, in this article, that Spence has a Mission in Life, he'd murder me. Just the same, he *has*. He believes that he, and other film stars, should use the influence their screen popularity gives them, for the good of humanity. He'd like to use radio, for instance, as a means of talking to people on matters that vitally concern them, wage such good fights on the air as Paul de Kruif fought against social diseases in the pages of magazines.

Spencer wants, now, to make pictures that may be stimulating and inspiring to others. He hopes that his rôle of Father Flanagan in *Boys Town* may make the world newly aware that "inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones" . . . he hopes that his Stanley in "Stanley and Livingstone" may have pepped up other men who are covering "tough assignments" . . . that his *Major Rogers* in "Northwest Passage" may give boys of this push-button world an influx of the red blood of those men whose entrails were the guts of giants . . . that, now, his Edison may remind us that patience and the humanitarian ideal are not just musty words, embalmed in moth-balls. In other words, he'd like to feel that he gives something more than forty or fifty cents worth of casual entertainment to the people who see his pictures.

So again, Spence wasn't just talking to hear himself talk when he said: "Edison cared about whether others benefitted from his work. His first invention, the vote recorder, was turned down in Washington because, he was told, it was exactly what they *didn't* want, it eliminated delay and filibustering, the very means government representatives used to defeat bad legislation. He resolved, then, never again to invent anything that was not *necessary* to the community at large. He never did. Pretty good thing that he didn't. *Try to be necessary to the community at large* might be a good yardstick for us all. Why, if it wasn't for Edison, we wouldn't be filming the story of his life, we wouldn't be filming anything, for that matter. He invented the electric light without which interiors couldn't be photographed. He invented the

motion picture camera without which my pal Gable would still be logging, most likely! He invented the talking machine, generators, electrical plants, storage batteries, the dictaphone on which scripts are recorded, Portland cement which makes sets practical, the fluoroscope, the electric railway—I could go on indefinitely—thing is, office workers, doctors, dentists, builders and contractors, railroad employees, automobile mechanics, everyone who works with any kind of electrical appliance, employees of the telephone company (he made the telephone practical, you know) all hold their jobs, thanks to the Wizard of Menlo Park. The worth of his inventions is estimated at 40 billions of dollars and because of his inventions there is a billion dollars a year revenue into America.

"Makes you kinda stop and think, don't it? Makes you think that maybe if we give some thought to how our work affects others we may get somewhere. And even if it is 'just money' you're after," grinned Spence, "it's well to remember the sizeable fortune Edison left. If he'd kept full rights to everything he invented he'd have died the wealthiest man the world has ever seen. He didn't keep full rights to everything because, in the early days especially, he always needed money for the next thing. So he'd sell an invention, outright or in part. He wasn't a good business man. Like when he invented the stock ticker and was asked what he thought it was worth, he said 'Three thousand dollars.' They paid him \$40,000 for it. You can get something out of *that*, too, I mean, Edison had faith in himself, *he also had faith in his fellow-men*. Not a bad idea to believe that if you're on the level with people, they'll be on the level with you. It's good common sense to hold that thinking about the other fellow brings the other fellow's money into your pocket because when he has confidence in you, you've got everything he has.

"*Make people trust you*, that's not bad advice for man or boy. Maybe we do think too much about ourselves, about what our work will do for *us*, whether *we* will reap the rewards. Maybe we don't think enough about the other feller, about humanity. Someone once said, 'You can't be greater than the system of which you are a part.' Well, maybe you can't ignore the system of which you are a part, either. Maybe what you do can't just be for *you*, ever think of that? The other way seems to pay dividends," said Spence, "in cash, in the tangible rewards—and in other things, too. It would be kinda nice," Spence added, slowly, "to think you'd given light to the world."

As soon as work on "The Sea Hawk" was completed, Errol rushed to his ranch pets. He's the first American breeder of Rhodesian Lion Dogs. Below, a duck joins the feeding party; right, two new arrivals—the kid was born on the ranch, too.



Screenland's Glamour Guides

Four fashion episodes in the summer scene. See Store Directory, Page 97

By Marina



Mid-summer formality developed in Celanese rayon jersey by Fred Perlberg. Smart South American color combinations here spread themselves on a gown of white topped by a red jacket, or on a chartreuse gown topped by a red jacket. The jacket fastens by two graded contrasting belts, and a hood slips flatteringly over your curls. With jacket, you have a dinner costume; without, a gracious and very formal gown. Price about \$15.

Minikins, by Blue Swan, are "the smart, new minimum in undies." This brief is expertly tailored for perfect fit in Celanese rayon, guaranteed not to run, shrink or sag. The Nobelt waistline, a broad, flat band of live sheet rubber, encased in a resilient fabric and attached with an expanding stitch, means comfort and a belt that breathes with you. It's guaranteed to last the life of the brief. Grand little garments for vacation and general wear; easy to launder, light, cool and space-saving in packing. Minikins are pleasingly priced at \$.39.

Be a sand and sea siren in the Hawaiian manner! Kleinert has created a flattering rubber bathing suit, "Hawaii," in white, dusty blue, yellow or pink, with a flower lei of turquoise and coral sweet peas, about \$4.50. All-rubber turban, unusually becoming, in colors to match suit, is about \$1.25. The "Coastline" beach bag, of diagonal cotton weave in coral and white or blue and white, has climate-proof lining with a water-proof, slide-fastened pocket to segregate wet accessories. About \$2.95. "Ghillie" play shoes in patriotic colors, at about \$2.



Charlotte of Paris has used a feather-weight acetate for summer costume jewelry that looks like a drift of snow. Shown, is one leafy, filigree pattern in necklace, bracelet and earrings. There are a variety of beautiful designs in frosty white, pastels, richer tones and also black, the latter being a sharp, smart accent to an all-white costume. This is Nat Levy-Urie Mandel jewelry. Necklace, \$3; bracelet, \$1; earrings, \$1. Other pieces, beautifully designed, from \$1 up.



"The Summer Sun has changed your skin —why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE—
AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER]

says *Lady Esther*



Slowly, subtly—the sun has deepened your skin tones, making them richer—more vibrant. But... are you innocently spoiling your skin's sun-tinted warmth with a *too light* shade of powder? It's so important to change to a warmer, richer shade—a shade that will harmonize with your skin tones *as they are now!*



Find out now which is your most flattering shade! But remember, even a richer shade won't help...if your powder is *too coarse* for your skin! For the deeper the shade, the more important that your powder should be *free from grit!*



Make my famous "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes the same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*



Lady Esther Face Powder is so smooth it clings for 4 long hours! Put it on after dinner—say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter your skin. No coarse particles ruin its perfect blending...or give you a harsh, "powdery" look!

Get your lucky shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder!

You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of *your* complexion... try each shade of my powder *on your own skin*... at my expense!

Mail me the coupon, and there will come to you ten new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one that is just right *for you!* And as you try on these lovely shades...

notice how *smooth* my powder is. Don't mistakenly believe a high price means a grit-free face powder.

Impartial laboratory tests showed that many expensive powders—costing \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 and even more—contained up to 20.44% grit.

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. No coarse particles will streak or fade your powder...or give your skin a harsh, "powdery" look. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (57)
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

Jane declares that she doesn't care much for very fancy dishes. "Just give me a plain vegetable and let me take away the flat taste and I'm satisfied. I like spinach. I have it cooked as usual, then I have the egg riced so that it is all in tiny crumbs and I take a whole English cheese and melt it and put the spinach and egg in a baking dish, the cheese on top, cracker crumbs on that, and bake it. Nothing flat about that!"

"Ronnie hates artichokes and I adore them. So when we're alone, we almost never have them, but when we have guests I serve them in a special way, snapped up. You boil the artichokes until they are well done, then cut off the lower end and sort of loosen the leaves with a fork, then stuff with diced carrots and peas, and then take a little garlic and sort of drip it through the leaves. Marvelous!"

The telephone bell rang and a maid brought the instrument in to young Mrs. Reagan, in her sunny window seat. "Oh no, positively not!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't cut your hair right in the middle of a picture. Suppose it doesn't match the other shots? Well, have the studio cut it, and then come out and I'll see what I can do. Goodbye, darling." She returned the telephone to the maid and threw out her hands in a pretty gesture.

"That was Gail Patrick. Gail and Jean, her secretary, and Betty Kaplan and I have been a Hollywood foursome for a couple of years, known each other for ages. One day, they began talking about cowlicks; everyone has a cowlick somewhere in their hair, and mine happens to come at a pretty good spot, more or less, and the other girls liked it. They wondered if their hair could be dressed so it would look as if they had a cowlick in the right place, and I said yes, it could. My hobby is hair, anyway. I've always loved to play around with it. I used to get a quarter for doing the hair of the lady upstairs, when I was little—one of those things. So I proceeded to try out my ideas on Gail and Jean and Betty and they *worked*! Now, it's getting to be a habit. I cut Jean's this morning before we went to play golf, and now Gail wants me to do hers, but I wouldn't dare in case the director of her picture should say it's too short and I'd get in a row if it didn't match up. The important thing about hair is combing it right.

"I'm going to start a beauty shop next year, a different kind of beauty shop, sort of specializing in stylizing, not a drop-in trade. Betty will manage it for me and I know a couple of operators who can follow my ideas, so I'm looking forward to creating some coiffures. I won't have any time to do actual work on it, thank heavens"—crossing her fingers—"but I can have my ideas developed.

Young Mr. Reagan's favorite dish, to get back to food, is macaroni and cheese. "We use a white sauce with it and Kraft's American cheese," said Jane. "It's a good thing Ronnie likes cheese, for I'm a cheese fan! I used to make a special cheese spread for crackers, but nowadays I haven't the time—praise be!—It takes ages. I'd get one of those round red cheeses and cut off the top and fix it as a lid with a tiny wooden handle so I could put it back on. Then I'd scoop out the cheese, leaving the shell looking clean and nice to hold the finished product. I'd mash the cheese, add a quarter section of Limburger, a piece of Roquefort, a little cream cheese (Blue Moon), and whip them up together until

they got almost runny, and then put them back in the red cheese shell. If you ever have time, try it!"

Jane never eats desserts, except for a lemon pie made by her cook whereon whipped cream is used instead of meringue, and strawberry parfait. "Not the ordinary kind," she specified, "for this, you take your berries and mash them, add the white of an egg and a little whipping cream and sugar to sweeten them, according to the sweetness of the berries; then you whip the mixture until you're exhausted, chill it in the refrigerator, and serve on rounds of cake or some sweet bread. It gets almost solid. Oh, I almost forgot about cheese squares. They are grand! We often have them for the salad course.

CHEESE SQUARES

- 1 envelope Knox unflavored gelatin
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- 1 cup hot fresh milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white cream cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup crumbled Roquefort cheese
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon minced onion

Soak the gelatin five minutes in the cold water and dissolve in the hot milk. Cool. Fold in other ingredients and pour an inch thick into shallow pan, rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm. Cut in squares. Serve on lettuce with French dressing.

"Ronnie's desserts are usually Jell-o or tapioca, neither of which I like," went on Jane. "He seems to like something called *Grape Fluff* and a fruit tapioca. I'll get you the recipes."

GRAPE FLUFF

Soften $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Knox unflavored gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of boiling water and dissolve. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of grape juice (Welch); strain, pour into a wet mold, and when firm force through a potato ricer. Serve very cold.

LOGANBERRY TAPIOCA

- 2½ cups loganberry juice and water
- 4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 to 1½ cups loganberries
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Combine the fruit juice and water, Minute Tapioca, sugar, and salt and mix well. Stir constantly over direct heat. Do not overcook—the mixture should be thin. Remove from fire and add the fruit and lemon juice. Cool, stirring occasionally. Chill.

We toured the apartment, from the dining room with its wall of glass blocks, to the complete bride's dream of a kitchen, on to Jane's room with its blue walls and rosy-covered bed, its row of windows overlooking the jeweled lights of the city by night, its mirrored doors.

"That's my godson's picture," she mentioned, proudly exhibiting an enlarged snapshot of a happy infant. "His name is Bert deWayne III, so they call him Michael! No reason, but the happy Morris way."

Ronnie's room has yellow walls and plenty of Exeter pennants—almost a college room. "I'm knitting him some socks," confessed Jane, as we returned to the living room. "Men are wearing plaid socks this season and you can't seem to get them too loud. These are green and beige and chocolate, really quite mild! See—I'm working on both socks. This one I began while I was doing 'An Angel from Texas,' so it's farther along than this, which was begun for 'Flight Angels,' I'm just a merry little housewife!"

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CUTEX SALON POLISH

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This group of screen celebrities flew from Hollywood to New York on the same plane. From left, Alexander Korda, Norma Shearer, a stewardess, Samuel Goldwyn, who's suing Director Korda for breach of contract, Mrs. Goldwyn, Merle Oberon (Mrs. Korda).

Andy Hardy Meets Debutante

Continued from page 27

Polly's nose elevated itself a half inch closer to the ceiling. "Of all the ridiculous, little boy exhibitions!" she sniffed. "Collecting pictures of a perfectly awful girl he's never even seen."

Andy's back was against the wall. "I have *too* seen her," he protested desperately. "I—I met her in Detroit, almost two years ago, and at first sight she liked me far more than she ought."

Beezy's retort was only the one crushing word, "Applesauce," but Polly's, though not so terse, was the more devastating.

"Why, Daphne Fowler goes around with *grown men*!" Her voice was withering. "She wouldn't look twice at a small town schoolboy!"

"Yeah?" Andy's inventive mind was working with the speed of an Edison. "Well, she's so crazy about me she wants me to come and have the first dance with her when she makes her *début*," he lied desperately. "I—I been begging my father to let me go to New York but he says I got to keep on with school."

"You could always run away from home," Polly said in a way that showed she hadn't believed a word he had said.

"Sure, you could hop a freight!" Beezy sneered in a voice equally skeptical.

Andy looked at them with quiet scorn. "Maybe *you'd* want to break your mother's heart that way, but I've been brought up better." With a quick gesture he gained possession of the book and held it firmly under his arm. "It'd sure be terrific if I could only get to New York! But I guess we all got our crosses to bear in this unhappy world."

And with a martyred shrug he opened

the door and left. But he couldn't dismiss fate as easily as he had Polly and Beezy. It struck at dinner that night swiftly and without warning. Judge Hardy was going to New York to fight the Trustees of the Carvel estate. And the whole Hardy family was going with him. Even Aldrich Brown, his sister Marian's beau, who had become a reporter on the Carvel paper, was going with them to report on the law suit, much to Marian's joy.

Everybody was happy except Andy. Once New York would have meant a glorious adventure, but now it only meant the certainty that the lies he had told about knowing Daphne would be discovered. Andy's sins were catching up with him. Fate had put him on the spot. And once having put him there that same pitiless fate aided and abetted by his own father was moving him relentlessly toward New York.

Andy tried every ruse he could think of but all of them failed. He rallied every symptom of practically every disease fatal to man and paraded all of them before the family. There he was on the very verge of death itself but it made no difference to the Judge's plans. The Hardys were going to New York and Andy was going with them.

It didn't help to have the telephone ring the morning they were leaving and hear Polly's voice jubilantly telling him that she and Beezy had decided to print the story of his flaming romance with Daphne in the high school magazine.

"You better make good with that debutante, 'cause you'll be the talk of the town when you get home," she giggled, and Andy felt practically at death's door. "We know you'll send back a photograph of darling

Daphne and you to illustrate the story."

Andy tried a last illness, heartfailure coupled with a complete nervous breakdown. But the Judge, more puzzled than ever at Andy's desperate efforts to stay at home, showed no signs of relenting. So there was the train streamlining its way to the metropolis and there was Andy riding to his doom.

Then New York! They crossed on the ferry from Jersey so they could see the city as the Judge had seen it first, from the water. Tall buildings, ocean liners riding at anchor at the docks, the thrilling taxi ride through the city to the apartment the Judge had wired his friends, the Booths, to get ready for them, and then after an elevator had swept them up to the dizzying heights of their new home, the complete anticlimax—little Betsy Booth.

She was teetering on a step ladder in the tiny kitchenette when they came in, reaching for a coffee pot on the shelf above her, and when she saw Andy she almost fell over backwards in her excitement. Time had not helped her infatuation. She was as completely Andy's victim as she had been back in Carvel.

"It is a cute apartment, isn't it, Mrs. Hardy?" she said breathlessly, her eyes focussed adoringly on Andy. "Mother and father were away when your telegram came so I found it myself. And you know, Andy, it's perfectly swell to see you and I brought my radio over for you." She stopped, appalled at this revelation of her adoration, and turned to Mrs. Hardy. "It's just common gratitude, Mrs. Hardy, because back in Carvel, Andy took me to my first grown-up party."

"Son, how do you do it?" Judge Hardy grinned as Betsy ducked back into the kitchenette.

"Aw gee, Dad," Andy's face flamed. "She don't mean anything. It's only hero worship."

"Well," the Judge leaned down and picked up one of their bags, his face averted so Andy couldn't see the smile he was unable to control, "come on, my hero. Let's get unpacked."

New York might have been everything people said it was. Andy wouldn't know. His own problems weighed his spirits down so that the Empire State Building and Rockefeller Center and the Statue of Liberty were as nothing but a blur of stone. Somehow, somehow he would have to meet Daphne Fowler or suffer the taunts of Carvel High forever after. Finally one day in desperation he gave the adoring Betsy a hint of what he was going through.

"You see, it's me against the City of New York," he explained enigmatically. "One of us is gonna be ruined in the struggle."

"Would it help to use mother's car and chauffeur while the folks are away?" Betsy asked.

Andy brightened. The car certainly did help even if Betsy went with the car and he had to drag her around with him. But she had promised not to ask questions. And she was trying desperately to keep that promise when Andy came back from his first attempt at meeting Daphne.

He had gone down in ignoble defeat when he attempted to deliver the letter he had written to her. When he got back to Betsy sitting in the car parked around the corner from Daphne's house, he could still feel the clutch of the hands of the glamor girl's bodyguard on his shoulders when he had thrown him out of the house after that one fleeting glimpse of his beloved. Even the thought that they had taken him for a kidnapper or something equally desperate didn't help much.

"Andy, what's the matter?" Betsy cried as he sank into the seat beside her. And then contritely, "Oh, I promised not to ask questions!"

"I have just aged fifty years," Andy said

in a hollow voice. "What happened just now is a secret I will carry with me to the grave."

"Where to?" The chauffeur broke in unsympathetically.

"Anywhere I can find some peace," Andy sighed.

"Grant's Tomb, Prentice," Betsy said practically. And then as the car stopped in front of the edifice she turned to Andy. "Come on inside. Maybe the coffins will cheer you up."

"Yeah, it's a fine world," Andy said, grim and tight-lipped. "Back in Carvel there's people waiting to laugh at my funeral and here in New York you got coffins to cheer me up!"

"I'm sorry. I meant maybe you'd feel glad to be alive," Betsy whispered contritely.

But it was impressive standing there in the half-darkness looking down on all that remained of one of America's great sons.

"Andy, won't you tell me what your problem is?" Betsy whispered hopefully. "I'm a woman. Maybe I could help." And then as Andy shook his head, "You musn't give up, Andy. Look at Ulysses S. Grant! Did he surrender when things looked dark?"

"He never had any trouble like I got," Andy blurted. "All he had on his hands was the Civil War."

"Then pretend you've only got the Civil War." Betsy said comfortingly.

Andy's chin went out at that. General Grant wouldn't surrender. He would use strategy. "Come on, General Grant!" he thought desperately. "What would you do? Remember Gettysburg! Remember Appomattox! Give, Ulysses!"

With Grant for an inspiration he cast his mind backwards trying to remember all he knew about Daphne Fowler. And then came the inspiration. In almost every one of those pictures her dog was with her.

"I got it!" Andy's voice rose jubilantly. "General Grant rides again! A dog, that's it. There's nothing like a dog. Betsy," he fixed his eye sternly on her, "have you a dog?"

"No," Betsy shuddered. "But we've got a cat."

"Cats is—I mean cats are not the same thing at all," Andy said severely. "Most people love dogs. S'pose you were walking down the street and you saw a kind of distinguished looking young fellow leading a dog. What would you do?"

"I'd run like the dickens," Betsy said promptly. "I'm scared of dogs. Or maybe I'd inch over to the curb and try to sneak by without the dog seeing me."

"No, no, Betsy!" Andy was exasperated. "You're supposed to love dogs! You'd want to go over and pet him."

"Then I'd just sort of reach over and pet him and then hurry on about my business."

"Wouldn't you speak to the man with the dog?" Andy demanded impatiently. And then as she hesitated, "He's a charming young gentleman. He's a fellow dog-lover. You'd want to get acquainted, drawn by the bond of our little four-footed friends. Well, anyway," he said irritably seeing her uncertain look, "do you know where I could borrow a dog? I got troubles and I need the consolation of a dumb animal."

Betsy looked at him, helpless in her love. "If you want a dog I suppose I'll have to figure out some way to borrow you one," she sighed.

And Betsy did. Not only one dog, but two. A giant St. Bernard and a tiny poodle. Again Andy left Betsy parked in the car around the corner while he strode up and down in front of Daphne's home, his two dogs straining at the leash, his heart going into high when he saw her come out of the house with her dachshund.

Afterwards Andy never knew exactly

what happened, except there was no leash strong enough to hold a St. Bernard with a grudge against a dachshund. It was a dog fight to end all dog fights, with Daphne screaming in terror and her chauffeur the only master of the situation. For it was he and not Andy who restored order out of chaos and brought the dachshund back to his mistress' arms.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Fowler," Andy looked at her beseechingly. "Can you maybe forgive me on account of we're both dog-lovers?"

"Nice dogs!" Daphne glared at him. "But not wild animals like yours."

Had any general rallied after such a defeat? It didn't help Andy to know his father was going through his own difficulties. For at the Surrogate's Court the Judge discovered that the Carvel trustees had all the advantages of the law on their side since Harlan Wyatt, the former president of the orphanage, had switched the United States securities in the orphanage trust funds to European bonds and conditions in Europe had made those bonds worthless. The case would be tried on Monday and the Judge felt he didn't have a leg to stand on.

Andy too had only a few days to make good. He had seen in the papers that Daphne was to preside at the Dog Lovers' Banquet being given the next evening. Again it was Betsy he turned to, and loyal as always she hired a complete dress outfit for him, even to giving him her father's black pearl stud.

The banquet was being held in one of New York's most exclusive night clubs but that didn't phase Andy. Didn't he have eight dollars in his pocket and wasn't that enough for anything? He ordered lavishly without even looking at the menu. If he wanted to get anywhere with Daphne wouldn't he have to be a playboy, a man

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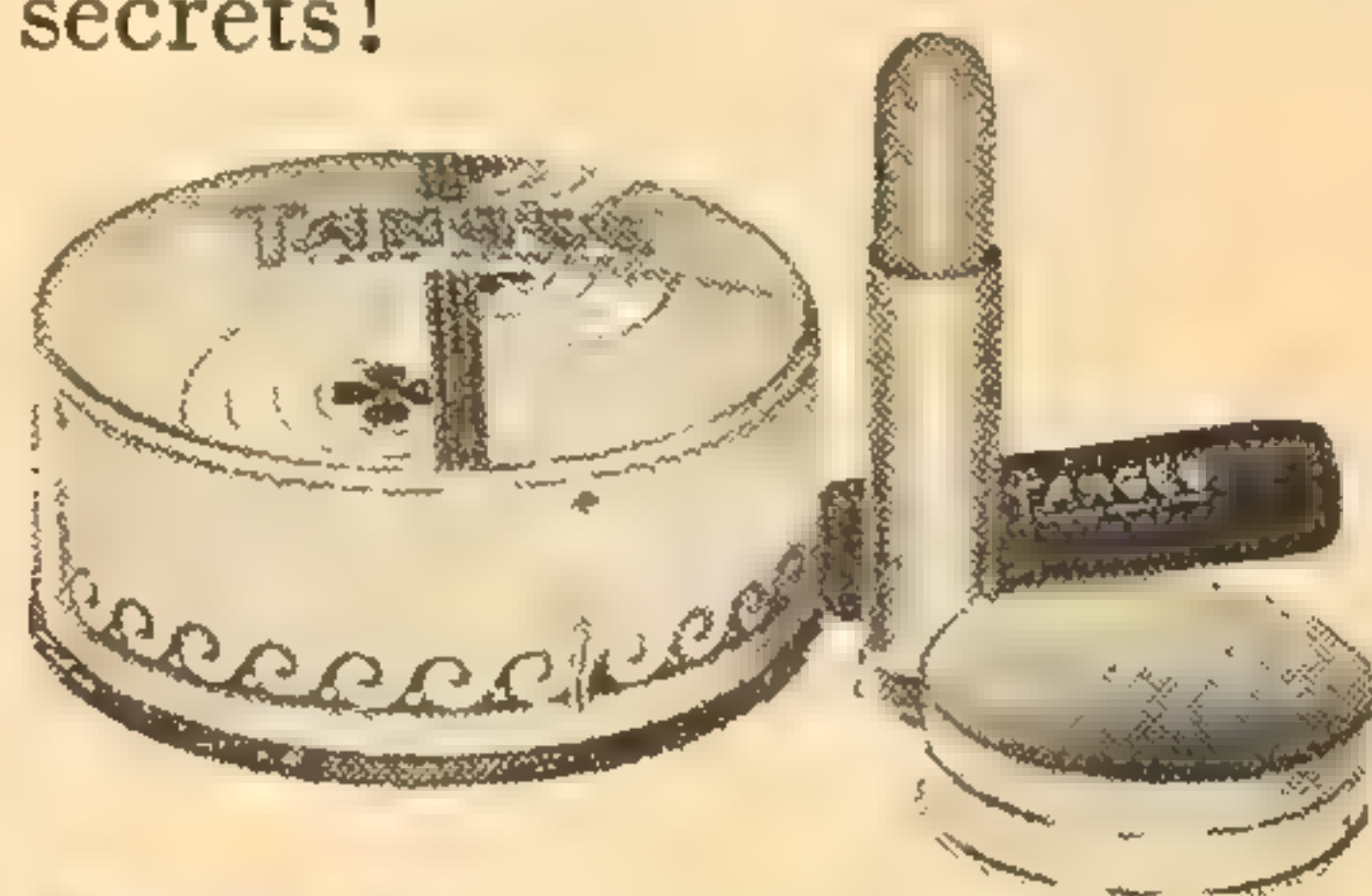


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to whom expense was no object? He'd come early and by the time his dinner was finished there was still no sign of Daphne. But there was a bill. For thirty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents.

He was taken to the proprietor's office and for once it didn't help him to be Judge Hardy's son. Carvel, it seemed, was different from New York. The proprietor had never even heard of Judge Hardy.

"I know your type," he said grimly. "A small town sport not dry behind the ears. This is New York! If a hick show-off tried to crash some places I know he might never come out. But I don't think you even rate jail. I think you need a good spanking. Here, Fred," he nodded to the waiter standing superciliously by, "put him in a taxi and see that the driver gets the right address."

Andy had never felt so humiliated in his life. So this was how people were treated when they didn't have any money. As if they were dirt or something. How easy things would have been if he had been born a millionaire. He wouldn't have to *try* to meet Daphne then. She'd probably be running after him.

It was only after he got home that he discovered he had lost Betsy's father's stud and that it cost four hundred dollars. But before he had a chance to sink his teeth into this new disaster he saw the letter from Polly and Beezy enclosing the proof of the new cover for the school magazine. It was a composite picture of a snapshot of Andy looking with idiotic rapture into the photographed face of Daphne Fowler, and it was titled, "The Most Interesting Achievement of the Month by a Student." Clipped to it was the terse message: "This is the cover we're using unless you can send us a better one."

Judge Hardy saw the look on Andy's face as he hastily stuffed the letter into his pocket. "I've problems of my own, son," he said hesitantly, "but I'd like to help you if I can."

"You can't help this," Andy said dully. "It isn't your fault you were born what you were and that I'm what I am. Why couldn't our family have money! And family trees, and all that stuff."

"You have a family tree," the judge said gravely. "Parents and grandparents and great grandparents, just like every living soul in the world."

"I don't mean that!" Andy said help-

lessly. "I mean class, money, social position. Why aren't we somebodies instead of nobodies? For the first time in my life I've realized I'm not as good as someone else."

The Judge had been through many things with his son, but never anything like this—never anything that had hurt so much. All the great things, the fine ideals he had hoped to instill in him were threatened.

"You're not, eh?" The Judge's voice was cold. "You come with me!"

It was to the Hall of Fame he took him, the home of America's great. There stood the statues of the men who had brought glory to the United States, the sons of whom their country was proudest. Most of them had come from the same wide middle-class as Andy had sprung from, and some had fought their way up from poverty to reach undying fame, immortal proof of the privilege of being born in a democracy.

"I never thought I'd hear you, my own son, denying the very soil you walk on," the Judge said quietly. "Soil earned for you by the blood and tears of men who said that all men in America should be equal. It's a heritage you should fight to keep instead of kicking it around and snivelling about money and social position."

"Equal, that's funny!" Andy said bitterly. "That's a lot of hooey. A bunch of hicks thought it up because they didn't come over on the Mayflower. Anyway, what's all this gotta do with the fact that I'm going back to Carvel to face the worst punishment a guy ever had to take?"

"Punishment?" The Judge's smile twisted. "Over there's a man who took a lot of punishment. Abraham Lincoln. He was born a poor boy, too."

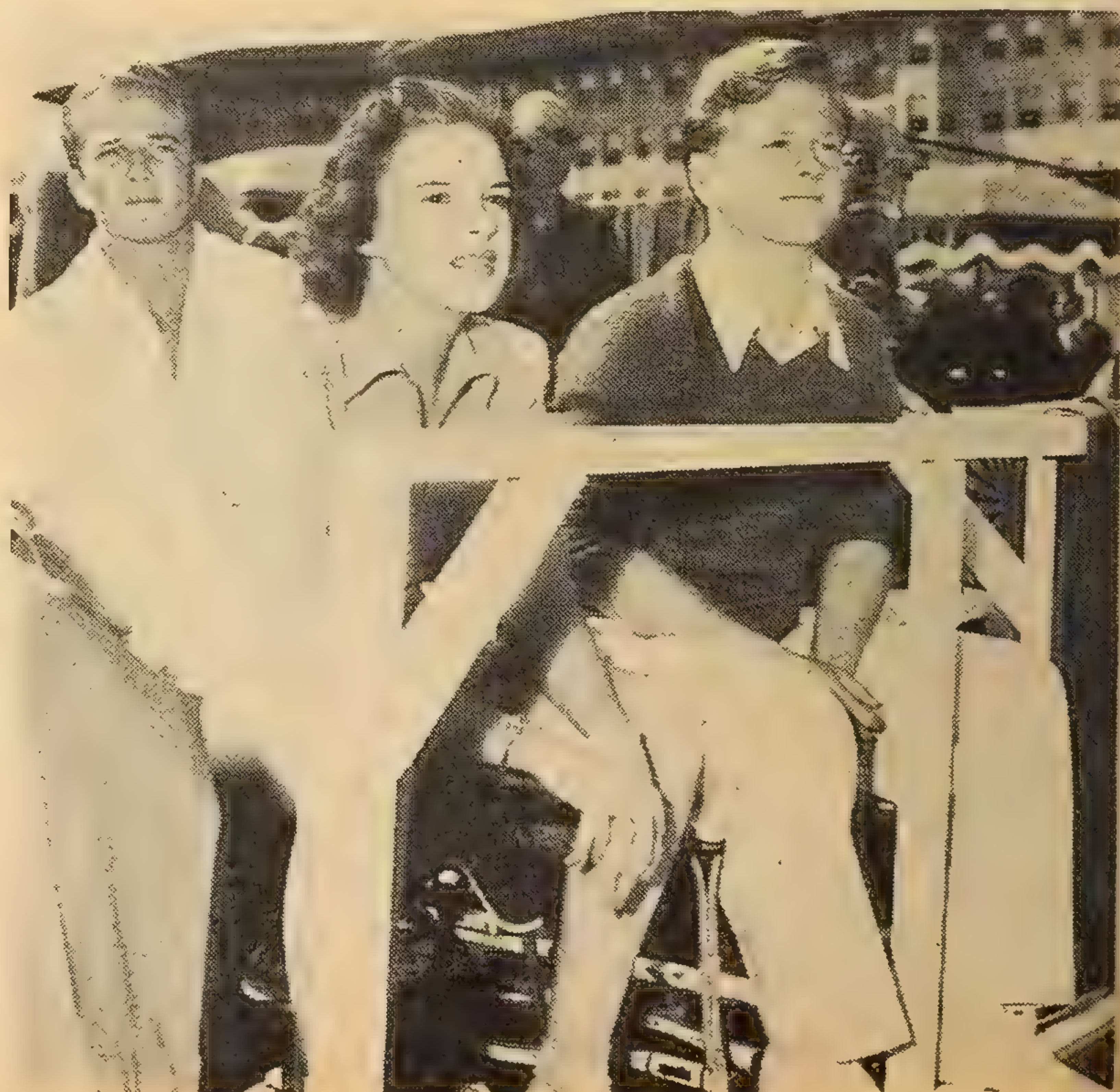
That was fine a hundred years ago," Andy said hotly. "A guy had a chance then. But now, what chance have we got in New York? I'm nothing but a hick and you—you're nothin' but a small town judge that nobody ever heard of."

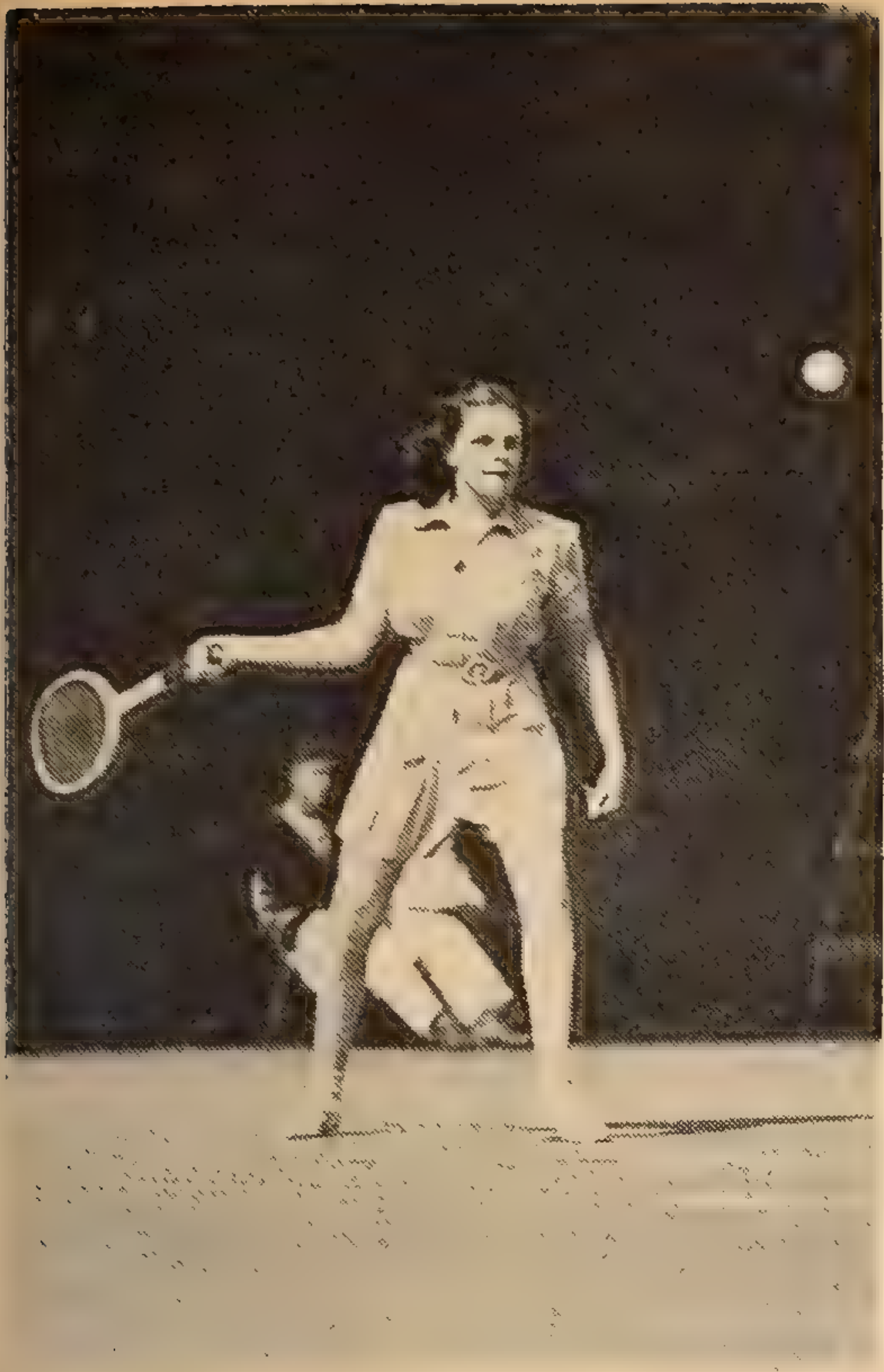
The Judge had difficulty in restraining himself but he put his hand gently on his son's shoulder.

"Let's go home, Andrew," he said quietly.

He hadn't convinced Andy, but he had begun to convince himself. Thoughts of patriotism were good for a man who felt himself defeated. Thoughts like that put the fight back in a man's heart. After all, what good was it to be born in a democracy unless you took the ideals of that democracy and applied them to your own problems?

Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, expert young tennis players, took time out from "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante" to play with Lester Stoefen and Bill Tilden at the recent benefit matches.





A fine action shot of Judy Garland receiving a fast serve from Bill Tilden in a recent tennis tournament, played for the benefit of the British war relief fund.

And what were the ideals of that democracy but simple truths? It meant that privileges couldn't be taken away from anyone. Suddenly the inspiration came that the Judge had been waiting for. But he told none of them what he was going to do when he took the plane back to Carvel, explaining only that he would be back in time for the trial of the orphanage case.

Andy was desperate. Life had closed in on him. Even his father had gone, taking his last prop from under him. He had almost nerved himself up to the ordeal of confiding in his father and now there was no one to turn to but Betsy and at last he went to her. Then it was amazing how simple things became. Betsy knew Daphne, had known her all the time he had been inventing his frantic schemes to meet her. And as Andy listened she went to the phone and talked to her, triumphantly securing an invitation for him for her debut Monday evening.

Monday was a day to go down in triumph in the history of the Hardy family. Andy and Marian and Aldrich were in court early, waiting for the Judge who had not yet arrived from Carvel. Then, just when the case was about to be dismissed he made his dramatic entrance, carrying in his arms the smallest orphan from the Carvel Orphanage. It was his new petitioner, one of the eighteen orphans who had been betrayed without their knowledge when the orphanage funds had been transferred to foreign bonds.

There was silence as Judge Hardy stated his case. Then the lawyer for the million dollar Carvel trust fund stepped forward.

"If Your Honor please," he said, "I don't think I would care to oppose this new petitioner before a jury of twelve good Americans and true."

So the orphanage was saved and so a boy sat there, with tears choking in his throat. All Andy's grandiose ideas were gone now. He felt cheap and small, unworthy of being the son of such a father. He waited while Marian and Aldrich congratulated the Judge and then after they had gone he fell into step beside him.

"I—I don't deserve to be your son," he said at last uncertainly.

"What I'm wondering is, do you deserve

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to be any decent American's son?" the
Judge asked sternly.

"Don't, dad, please!" Andy said brokenly.
Then his voice lifted in pride. "They say
that lawyer makes a million dollars a year
and you showed him up!"

"That's not the real point," his father
said. "Did you notice the Court treated me
with equal consideration, million dollars or
no?"

"I'm licked, dad, don't rub it in." Andy's
voice was small and humble. "It just shows
what can happen when a man lets love blind
him to the principles of democracy."

Before he knew it, Andy had gulped out
the whole story, down to the missing pearl
stud. And again Andy was to know what
it meant to have the father he did. Before
the day was over the Judge had come back
from the night club with the missing stud
in one hand and a box holding Andy's first
tuxedo in the other. And somehow the fact
that his father had paid his bill for him
and was taking it out of his allowance a
dollar a week was the happiest news of all.
He felt he could hold his head high with
honorable men again.

Andy, magnificent and haughty in his
own tuxedo, and Betsy, looking sweet and
fifteen, arrived at the ballroom entrance
where Mrs. Fowler and her daughter,
Daphne, were receiving guests. As Andy
and Betsy took their places and waited for
their turn to greet the debutante, Andy
whispered, "Gosh, Betsy, there's other guys
here in tuxedos!"

"Sure," said Betsy, "some of 'em can't
afford dress suits."

"Well, rags is royal raiment when worn
for virtue's sake," replied Andy with a
noble air.

Their turn to greet Daphne came, and
Betsy and Andy stepped forward.

"Hi'ya, Daph! Gee, you're a knockout in
that strapless gown," Betsy told Daphne, in
her little-girl manner.

"I'm freezing in it," Daphne whispered
and, putting on a big act, asked, "This is
Mr. Hardy?"

"May I present Mr. Andrew Hardy,"
Betsy said, and in an aside to Daphne
added, "one of Nature's noblemen!"

"I am *most* happy to make your acquaint-
ance, Miss Fowler," beamed Andy.

"Greetings, Mr. Hardy, from one dog-
lover to another!" said Daphne.

"What's Clark Gable got that he hasn't
got?" asked Betsy.

"Nothing but Carole Lombard!" replied
Daphne, grinning.

Other guests came up for presentation
and Andy and Betsy stepped aside, but be-
fore Andy got away, Daphne gave him a

parting aside: "Betsy's told me the amazing
story of your life, so restrain yourself until
the sixth dance—Glamor Boy!" Andy's
face expanded into a broad grin.

Dancing with Daphne, Andy, taking his
social importance very big, and looking
around to see if all the other guests were
aware of him, noticed Betsy's eyes glued
on him with adoration and pride and, behind
Daphne's back, holding up his hand, gave
Betsy the "okay" sign.

Meeting Daphne Fowler didn't seem so
important after all. His heart didn't miss
a single beat when he danced with her.
Funny, how his sense of values had
changed. Funny how he had changed about
so many things. He couldn't understand
the new feeling he had for little Betsy
Booth or his pride in her when she got up
on the platform and sang and he saw all
the grand New Yorkers making as much
to-do over her voice as folks had back home
in Carvel.

Acknowledging a signal from a camera-
man standing in the doorway, Daphne said,
"There's my pet photographer—guaranteed
not to let your eyes squint! Here's where
we annihilate the unbelievers in Carvel!"
But even when Andy saw the photographer
taking the flashlight picture of him dancing
with Daphne it didn't seem so important
to be vindicated any more or to have turned
the tables on Polly and Beezy, back home.

Afterwards Andy took Betsy home in
one of the old carriages that are making
their last stand outside the Plaza Hotel.
And as they drove through the park, Andy
looked at her with shining eyes.

"You've changed since you were out in
Carvel," he whispered. "You're growing
up. Gee, I'd forgotten how swell you were."

"Maybe I wasn't that swell in Carvel,"
Betsy sighed, "or maybe you didn't notice
it. One thing about me hasn't changed,
though. No boy has ever kissed me yet!"

Solemnly, and with his heart pounding,
Andy accepted her wistful challenge and
leaned over and kissed her cheek. Then
suddenly Betsy began to cry and Andy took
out his handkerchief only to discover he
needed it as much as Betsy did. It was
funny the way he felt looking at her. Sort
of excited, as if she was some new girl he'd
just met, a girl he had a crush on. When
a girl you liked cried, she had glamor even
with a shiny nose.

Gee, it was funny about girls, he thought.
They were sort of thrilling at that. All of
them, Polly, Daphne, and now even little
Betsy Booth. Maybe Brigham Young had
the right idea after all, with so many per-
fectly swell girls in the world and all of
them so sweet in their different ways.

Shirley Temple's
new film, "Young
People," which
features Jack
Oakie and Char-
lotte Greenwood,
is her last pic-
ture on her long
20th Century-Fox
contract. She'll
be a schoolgirl
from now on un-
less her mother
decides to accept
one of the radio
or screen offers
she has received.



Excursions into the Future with Norvell

Continued from page 33

patient. She knows how to work to overcome any disturbances that might arise in her present marriage.

Ginger Rogers is another wonderfully encouraging example of how another Cancer-born overcame adversity and rose triumphantly to a position of world adulation. Ginger's birthdate is July 16—the same as Barbara Stanwyck's. Miss Rogers came by her present success the hard way, for no one could ever have predicted that she would become such a great star in her early days. Her stars proved it, however, for from the moment Ginger was born the die was cast, and the vibrations from the planets moulded a certain type of brain and body that inevitably attracted her to a great screen career.

Like many Cancer-born persons Ginger did not find happiness in her first marriage, but her chart shows that she will be happily married within one year. That marriage can be the turning point of happiness for Ginger Rogers. As for her career, there is no danger of anything happening to that for some time to come.

Cancer is the sign of the introvert—in other words, persons who live most of the time within themselves. It is hard for them to reveal their true sides to the public; they are shy and reticent, and they resent having others pry into their personal lives. That is one of the reasons why Cancer produces such great character actors—they like to conceal their identity in that of the character they portray. Several of the screen's most outstanding character



Dennis Morgan and Virginia Bruce do a tender love scene for "Flight Angels," story of the airline stewardesses.

actors were born in this sign, including Charles Laughton, Peter Lorre, Barbara O'Neill, James Cagney, Richard Dix, Jean Hersholt, and even Irene Dunne and Barbara Stanwyck, who will be remembered best for some of their character rôles on the screen.

It will further be noted that Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers have both attained a measure of success in singing rôles in the past—further proof of the versatility of those born in this sign. One of the screen's truly great singing stars who was also born in the Sign of Cancer, on June 29, is

Nelson Eddy. When I visited Eddy on the set of "New Moon," his latest picture, he had just finished singing a beautiful number with Jeanette MacDonald, and everyone on the set was spellbound with the harmoniously blended voices of this famous screen couple. Later, when I set up Nelson Eddy's chart in his dressing room, I discovered the reason for his outstanding success. He was born under the rulership of the creative Sign of Cancer, and the future revealed is indeed brilliant and worthy of Eddy's great talents. His first love, the opera, will not be completely given up, but he will divide his time equally between concert, opera, and movie work in the future. There is sufficient proof in his chart to show that Nelson's marriage can be a great success, for his charming wife is as ardently interested in music as he is.

Two comparative Cancer newcomers whom I would nominate to future film fame were both born on July 5. They are Isa Miranda and Ilona Massey—both foreign-born, and both not yet fully discovered by American audiences. 1940 holds great success for them, and I predict that they will be two of Hollywood's brightest stars in the future. Typical of this sign, Ilona Massey has already had one unfortunate marriage and will find marital happiness sometime in 1941. As for Isa Miranda, she has already married Alfred Guarini, and it is to be hoped she may avoid the usual misfortunes that beset most persons born in this sign in their love lives.

There are other screen stars born in this sign so I will give brief predictions for those interested in knowing what is apt to befall Cancer in the coming months:

Annabella, July 14—better rôles; danger in her present marriage (her fourth) to Tyrone Power.

Irene Dunne, July 14—continued happi-

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ness in marriage and screen success, with more singing rôles (we hope!).

Irene Hervey, July 11—at last a good chance to reveal her beauty and talent, with resultant success.

Phyllis Brooks, July 18—a brief struggle this year. Success in 1941.

George Murphy, July 4—will be rediscovered by producers and the public in 1940.

Olivia de Havilland, July 1—happiness in marriage in 1940.

James Cagney, July 17—continued marital and screen success.

If YOU happen to be born in some sign other than that of Cancer, check the section below dealing with the predictions for your sign of the Zodiac and see what surprises Fate has in store for your future.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Slight afflictions in finances, so guard your interests and do not let money slip through your fingers. Danger from hidden sources, watch the diet, avoid vehicles on the 5th, 8th, 15th, and 25th. Business is favored more during last two weeks of the month, but aggressive action throughout the month may be necessary to make and hold gains financially. Favors those in secretarial work, switchboard operators, salesmen, and those in hotel or restaurant work. A new romance may prove tempting to those single, and changes in residence or business are shown at this time. A good month to travel to distant places, to study and work toward progression. Neptune brings disturbances in friendship and social activities this month. Favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, 29th. The other days are somewhat negative. Use caution in all matters.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Venus, planet of romance, is active at this time. Causes flirtations, jealousy, and changes in love. A good month to make a definite decision regarding an engagement. Brings vibrations of sociability into your life, and favors entertaining, dancing, amusements in general. Good month for short trips by land or water for vacation and pleasure.

Avoid making sudden decisions regarding changing place of business. You will not be quite content in present place but no change should be attempted for another month or two. Curb your tendency to spend money carelessly, attend to duties in the home, and avoid being too generous with others. Some illness may afflict a relative and cause concern. Favors real estate, stock

investments, and independent business of your own. Also favors workers in women's wear line, jewelry stores, beauty parlors, and offices. Favorable days are: 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 29th. The other days are negative; do not attempt changes or new business ventures.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Favorable vibrations most of this month in matters of business and finances. Not so good for love—your duality may cause the one you love some concern; doubtful outcome to the present love affair, or marriage. Seek quiet and peace of mind, avoid confusion on the 3rd, 8th, 15th, and 28th. The vibrations favor general routine work, executive and creative matters, also real estate, and investments. Do not sign papers, leases, or contracts, without first checking them over. A tendency to haste and carelessness shows itself. Watch the health and diet; avoid overindulging in food. Stomach and nerves apt to be upset—rest, and relax. The most favorable days for business and romance are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th, 30th. Other days neutral.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

To what we have already said about Cancer we may add warnings regarding romance and marriage for this month. The changeable Moon brings two persons into your life, and you may have to make a decision between them. Let your head rule in love, not your heart. Avoid entanglements with "in-laws" if married, and avoid a divorce at this time. Those with children in the home are highly favored this month. A good time for art studies, singing, dancing, or acting. No sudden business change is noted, wait for two months before giving up present place of employment. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 29th.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

As usual, with the Sun ruling your life, you absorb powerful and stimulating vibrations in business and finances. Due to some sun-spot afflictions, your life may be chaotic and health may suffer, but with care you can overcome much of the trouble that afflicts you and go on to your rightful destiny. Love problems straighten out this month, the home is under better vibrations, and matrimonial problems may dissolve. Attend to business, invest money, collect money owed you, and seek favors from executives, and public officials. Avoid debts and



Cary Grant, on location in Williamsburg for the filming of "The Howards of Virginia," greets guests at a dance at the College of William and Mary. From the left, in the receiving line, are: Miss Rosa Ellis, Robert Douglas, Cary, and Charles Script.

attempt to sell property or other burdensome holdings. Social affairs are favored, also meeting members of the opposite sex—a doctor or lawyer may come into your life this month. Favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 5th, 6th, 8th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th. Other days are neutral and favor only routine action.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

An opportunity you have long looked for may seek you out in business this month. Be patient, for you are now coming into one of the most fruitful and productive periods of your life. Some favorable culmination in love is scheduled by the stars and it is possible you may decide on someone you have long doubted in romance. Marriage is favored under these favorable rays. Those unhappy in love or marriage can profit from these vibrations and find congenial persons in social activities that might become important romantically. Favors dealing with employers or employees, doctors and lawyers, investment brokers, public officials; also favors secretarial work. Good month to travel for pleasure. Attend to health and diet; watch the stomach and nerves. Favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 29th, 30th. Other days adverse.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

As usual, your problems this month center about two vital departments of your life: love and business. The love life may be unsettled by some disquieting element that intrudes itself; a decision might have to be made to break off a present love affair or marriage. Do not worry, for you are on the road to happiness in love, and may find someone this month who can bring happiness into your life. Financially you are due to progress—working conditions improve, money comes in steadier. Favors teaching professions, public health work, civil service, stenographic work, bookkeeping, and saleswork. Good month for vacation pleasures, travel, visiting relatives or friends. Favors changing the home or moving to another city or state. Favorable days are: 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, 29th. Other days neutral and not favorable for aggressive action.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Doubt and uncertainty may rule this month, for Mars brings some disturbances in business and finances. Ideas may not be practical—apply yourself more constructively to the job at hand rather than worry about the future. More favorable for artistic and creative work such as art, literature, designing, interior decorating, advertising, music, acting, dancing, and even beauty parlor work. Good month to deal with the public, sell or buy commodities. Watch the health and diet. Danger to a relative through health disturbances; possible stomach trouble, which may be overcome by rest and relaxation. Love life is somewhat steadier—a sense of duty keeps you from breaking off a love affair, but a temptation may enter your life through some other person. Marriage is favored this month. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 24th, 25th, 28th, 30th.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Business matters occupy your mind at this time. A very excellent opportunity for advancement may await you where you are now employed. Good month to consider investments in real estate or stocks. Guard your money, avoid encumbering yourself with relatives who might impose on you financially. Good time to go into business

for yourself. Those not married are apt to meet one or more members of the opposite sex who show a deep romantic interest. The social aspects are good, and a decision could safely be made regarding the future marriage partner. Those married face better vibrations and more peaceful and harmonious vibrations in the home. This sign is very difficult to understand, so avoid quarrels and confusion. Trips near water are favored, watch the health on the 4th, 17th, and 28th. Favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th, 30th. Other days not favorable for aggressive or new actions.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

The afflictions of Saturn subside somewhat this month, bringing you assistance in finances. Good time to seek favors from superiors, ask for a raise, or make a change, if you so choose—for your stars favor you in your financial affairs. Some doubt exists in the romantic life, make no decision as yet, but await further developments. Someone may enter your life who can alter everything in a romantic way and bring you more contentment than you have known for some time. Artistic and creative lines of endeavor favored this month. Those dealing with radio, stage, newspapers, institutions of learning, and public officials come under good aspects. Money may come from an unexpected source; a message may arrive that you have been long expecting. Health should be guarded, and plenty of rest obtained. Favorable days are: 4th, 5th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, 29th. Other days favorable only for routine affairs.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

Uranus, planet of upheavals and changes, may bring uncertainty in business and finances. Do nothing of a startling nature, but stick to the present business venture. New ideas are favored, inventions thrive at this time, and those engaged in manufacturing, radio activities, screen and stage come under favorable rays from the planets. Not a good month for risking money in speculation; avoid buying real estate, and in other ways burdening yourself. The month brings steady improvement but nothing of a radical nature. As usual, some uncertainty exists in romance or marriage. Remember this warning—your sign is always involved in a romantic way, and sometimes unhappiness comes through the love life. Be sure you are taking the right steps before ending any existing love affair or marriage. The last two weeks are more favored for happiness in love. Strange health disturbances may threaten; avoid infections, skin eruptions and disturbed digestion. Favorable days this month are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 29th. Other days somewhat adverse.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

Guard your financial interests carefully this month for you are apt to lose money or something else of value. You may not be happy in present employment, and should make it a point to seriously consider a change. Your type is fitted for sales work, secretarial position, beauty parlor operator, saleslady, singer, dancer, or musician. The romantic affairs come under the influence of Venus, and assure you of a fairly happy romance this month. No decision is to be expected at this time regarding engagement or marriage. This month is good for short trips—vacation or business. Avoid confusion and quarrels on the 4th, 12th, and 26th. Watch the diet and health during the first two weeks of the month. Favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 28th, 29th. Other days are neutral and favor only matters of a routine nature.



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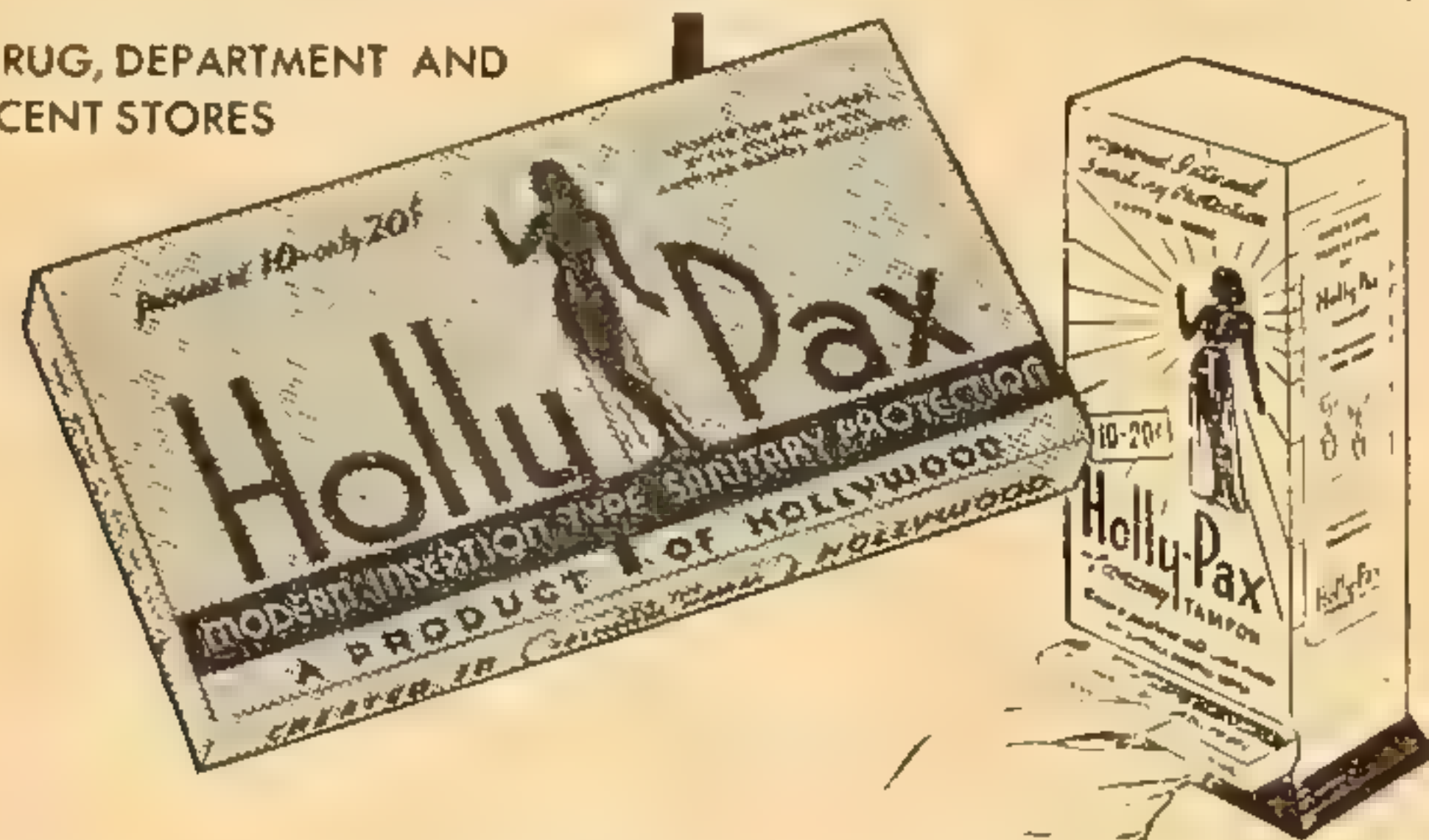


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Your Guide at a Glance to the Best Current Pictures

Continued from page 53

Most of you report in favor of our new form of streamlined review! There's one complaint, though, registered by a few, which calls for explanatory comment from the reviewer. It's this: why list a picture as one of the "Best" and then give it a lukewarm review? Seems sound to us! It may still be one of the "Best" of the month. But would you want us to praise it unreservedly when we felt it called for criticism? Some of the season's film releases may be listed as "Big" productions in the sense of elaborate locations, expensive casts, and so on; but to us these trimmings definitely do NOT necessarily make it sure-fire entertainment. So—we'll continue our policy of frankness and fairness because we believe most of you want us to do so!

D. E.

"STAR DUST"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Enjoyable!

APPEAL: To devotees of Linda Darnell.

PLOT: Discovery of a young beauty by Hollywood talent scout, and her struggles to win fame and fortune in the movies—a dash of Miss Darnell's own Cinderella career.

PRODUCTION: Adequate, with chief interest in the authentic Hollywood atmosphere, including the famous Chinese Theatre with its much-publicized stars' footprints, etc. Debatable whether the general public is breathlessly interested in so much local color, but it is well done, anyway.

ACTING: Linda Darnell, an exquisite youngster, shows signs of true acting ability here. John Payne as her leading man takes one more step up in his slow but sure climb to a top spot among the younger actors. William Gargan, Mary Healy, Roland Young help.

"Star Dust" is a Twentieth Century-Fox picture.



"FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Homespun!

APPEAL: To all admirers of cute babies or Eddie Cantor.

PLOT: Timid professor in girls' school trying to protect year-old foundling from the merry students' maternal instincts.

PRODUCTION: Lavish, with boarding-school setting giving director Busby Berkley his chance to show charming minxes cavorting all over the campus—but no "production" numbers as such, just lively picture-postcard athletics and gambolings on the green.

ACTING: Cantor "plays it straight" and gives a genuinely likeable performance of the well-meaning professor who takes on a baby to raise. It's the baby who steals the show, though. Baby Sandy had better watch out for Baby Quintanilla, whose goos and grimaces are pretty cute. Judith Anderson, Bonita Granville, Rita Johnson, Diana Lewis, Nydia Westman, all good.

"Forty Little Mothers" is an M-G-M picture.



Candid Curtis

Continued from page 51

Eventually I came out of the faint induced by such an admission from an actor. "Don't you know you should *never* admit anything like that?" I yelled. "You should just sort of mumble something about Watson & Son or Eddie Schmidt and let it go at that. You haven't an actor's heart."

"How can I have an actor's heart?" he exploded. "Until a couple of years ago I never had any more idea of becoming an actor than—than this chair!"

Born in Chicago of fairly well-to-do parents, he spent most of his early life migrating from one midwestern town to another. He has two brothers, one fifteen years older than he, the other five. When he was thirteen his father died. He was educated in the public schools of Chicago.

"Athletics?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "I played a little football and baseball in grade school but there were five thousand students in Senn High. You have to be *good* to get anywhere in a school that large and I wasn't exceptional."

When he was seventeen, right after he graduated, the wanderlust and a thirst for adventure gripped him. He went to Florida during the late lamented boom. "I sold real estate—but so did everyone else. The high-pressure boys were all in Miami so I picked St. Petersburg, figuring I'd have less competition. But some others, with more experience than I, had figured on the same thing so I didn't set the woods on fire. I made expenses, though, and I had some fun."

No letters in athletics and he hadn't made a fortune out of Florida real estate! Holy smoke!

Returning to Chicago, he started working with his oldest brother in the business their father had left—a wholesale crockery concern. While there was a good living in it for one, when the profits had to be divided two ways they didn't go so far. He drifted into the brokerage business. When the crash came in 1929 there was no more brokerage business—or none to speak of. So in 1931 he started looking around for something else.

A photographer friend of his suggested he try modeling. His friend used him several times during that week and Alan made \$40 in almost no time at all. Being practical and logical, he figured if he could make that much in a week posing for one photographer he could clean up if he contacted all of them, and he was right.

Two years in Chicago sufficed. The wanderlust gripped him again and he looked for fresher, greener fields—New York, for instance. Taking his savings, he bought himself a complete wardrobe and lit out for the metropolis. He hit town with \$40 in his pocket and called at the John Powers agency. His first week in New York netted him \$125. From then on he averaged about \$150 a week, although, he says, on busy days he made as high as \$150 in a day.

"I lived in an apartment building with a lot of photographers and advertising men," he explained, "and they were pretty nifty to me. For almost a year I was the only chap used in *Lucky Strike* ads. The photographer who did their work was an especially good friend of mine and when they would start screaming for him to get a new face he'd say he couldn't find anyone else—or no one with any kind of wardrobe—and go right on using me.

"Life was fun in those days," he mused. "The apartment was on 52nd Street and I could drop in to the Stork Club or any of those places without having to spend either the evening or very much money."

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I glanced at him appraisingly. I've known him casually about a year and a half but I can never quite figure him out. "Tell me something," I burst out, "did you go to those places because you enjoyed them or because you felt it was good business to be seen around?"

Alan looked surprised. "Because I enjoyed them," he said. And then he explained something else about himself: "I have never done *anything* because I felt it would be 'good business.' I should—but I can't. I couldn't live with myself if I licked boots. I don't think I'd mind it so much at the time but afterwards I'd feel ashamed every time I met the man I had tried to curry favor with—and every time I saw myself in the glass I'd think, 'You're a fine specimen of a man—NOT!'"

Seeing him around or knowing him only casually, as I have, you'd gather the impression he is a typical actor—living beyond his means and trying to put on a front to make people think him more important than he is. Just the reverse is true. However small his salary is or has been, he has always managed to save a good portion of it.

When he had been modeling in New York for about two years, the studios went berserk on the subject of models and practically every one of them received offers of a screen test. Alan was no exception. His test came from Paramount and after looking at it they took a six weeks option on him, at the end of which time they were either to place him under contract or let him go.

He played cagey. He had about \$1500 saved up and off he went to Europe, leaving Paramount's talent scout not only flabbergasted but aghast. "You *can't* do that," he protested. "We're considering you for a *contract*!"

"I've always wanted to see Europe," Alan retorted, "and I have the money, so I'm going. When I come back if you want me I'll sign with you. You should have made up your minds by then."

So off he went to Paris. One day he was introduced to a Russian actress, who, through an interpreter, asked if he would like to work in a picture. It was a commercial short the Ford people were making to exploit their European product. They didn't want it to be a regulation advertisement so they conceived the idea of having a honeymoon couple tour in one of their cars. Alan jumped at the opportunity and for three weeks he toured Europe with the actress and director—at the company's expense, while his bank account mounted. Re-

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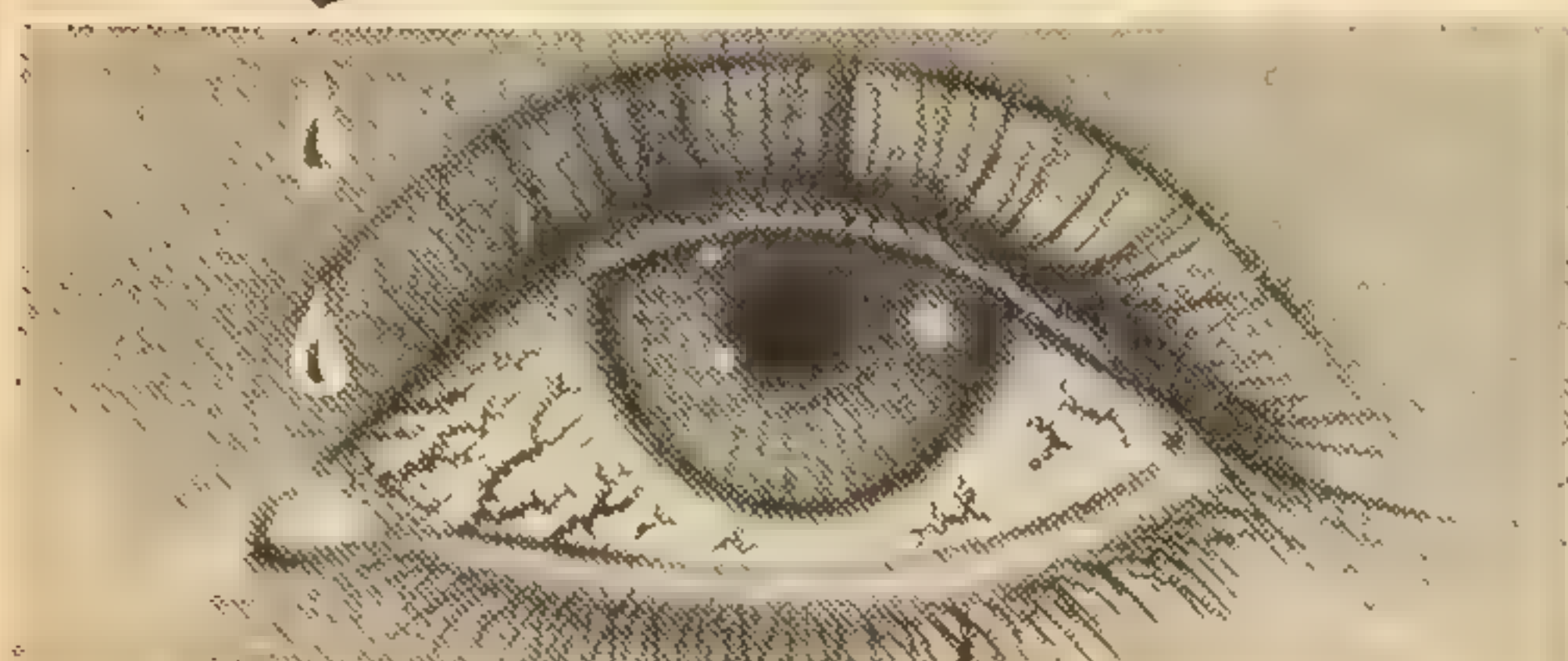
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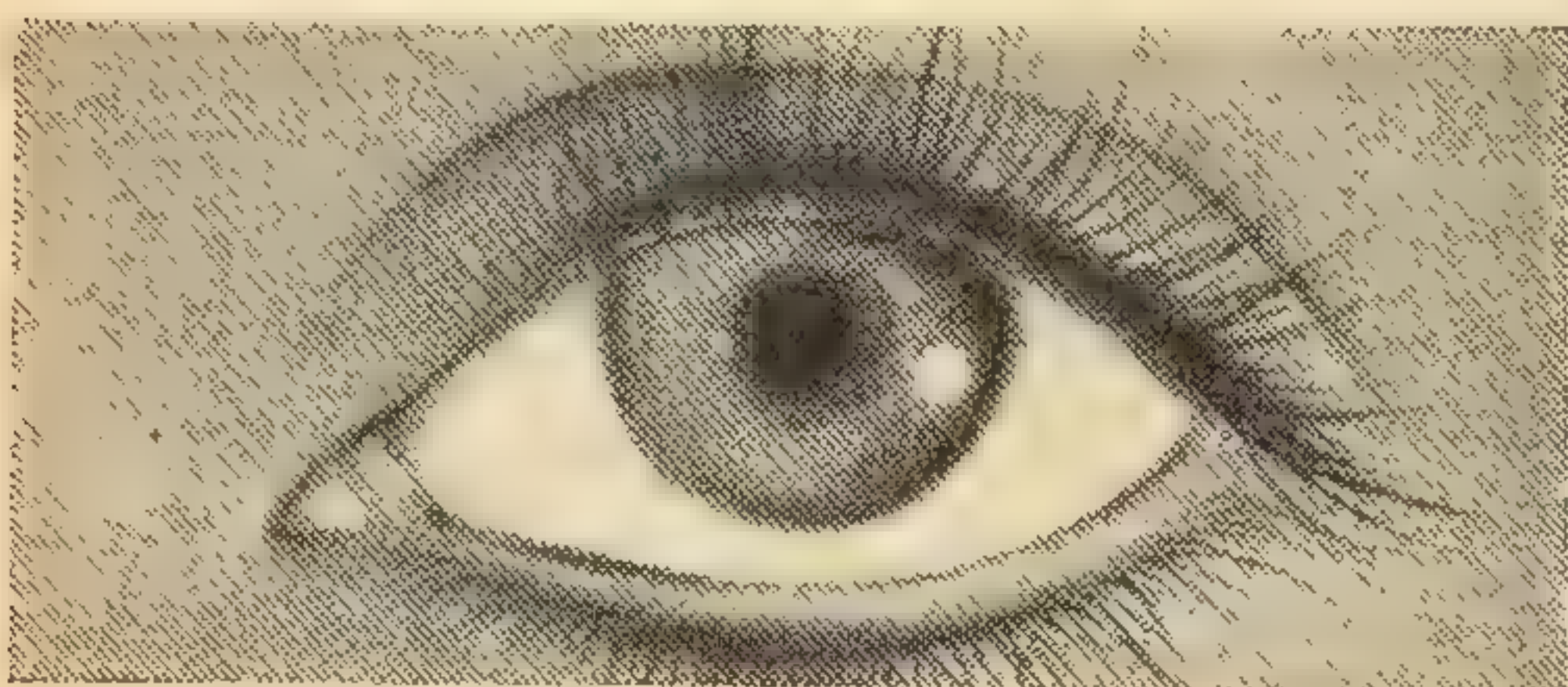
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turning to Paris he said goodbye to the director and his cinematic wife (still speaking through an interpreter) and crossed to England. There must be commercial photographers in London, he decided, and set about locating them. When he found them he discovered they could not only use him but they paid more than American photographers. He remained in London as long as his passport permitted and then returned to New York with his \$1500 intact.

News of his short had preceded him. Not only Paramount but RKO as well had heard of it. Alan didn't feel it necessary to explain it was a commercial short. He played one company against the other and presently found himself in Hollywood. RKO had signed him. "It will take five years to make an actor of you," an official of the company explained. "If you feel you can spare that much time and are willing to gamble, we'll gamble with you. Any time you feel discouraged or anything puzzles you, drop into my office."

A day or two after he arrived on the lot, Curtis passed the executive. "Hi," said the executive. That was as close as Alan could get to him during the year he was on that lot. He did nothing during the year. When he approached casting directors or producers he was told they needed box office names and couldn't afford to fool with him. "But how am I going to become an actor if you don't give me a chance?" Alan protested. They shook their heads. That was his little red wagon. At the end of a year they let him go. When he was down to his last \$3 M-G-M signed him. He had been

there about fifteen months when Joan Crawford asked for him for the second lead in "Mannequin," with herself and Spencer Tracy.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could recapture the feelings you must have had when you got that part?" I asked.

"Heck, no!" said Alan. "It was a nightmare. I wasn't as excited over getting the part as I was worried to death for fear I wouldn't stack up with them—two of the biggest stars in the business. I used to sweat and stew all night for fear I'd be taken off the picture after two or three days of shooting."

Alan and the stars were the only good things about that opus. Bits followed in "Yellow Jack," "The Shopworn Angel," "Burn 'Em Up O'Connor," "The Duke of West Point," and then a fairly good part in "Sergeant Madden." Then Columbia borrowed him for a part with Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas in "Good Girls Go to Paris." The picture was not an unqualified success—but Alan was. After its release, 20th Century-Fox borrowed him for the second male lead in "Hollywood Cavalcade," with Alice Faye and Don Ameche. Opinions on the picture vary but not on the performances of the three leads. They turned in some of the neatest acting of the year. Now he is in "Four Sons," with Ameche.

"You see," he reflected, "I've had some good breaks—but nothing happens. What do you make of it?"

"I guess it's still your little red wagon," I grinned.

Dinner with Garbo!

Continued from page 23

time soon. But Garbo quickly covered up my rudeness by having a second helping. And I had always heard *she* was rude. Not me. The whole thing was crazy.

"The peas," she said, "are wicked." By which I gathered that she meant there were far too many calories in them.

"The cole slaw," I said, "is made with Dr. Hauser's famous health dressing. Have some."

"The cole slaw," she said with a mischievous glint in her eyes, "is not wicked."

I have heard rumors, and read stories, about Garbo's anemia for years. But I must say she didn't show the slightest signs of any anemia that evening. She ate just as heartily as the rest of us. And with as much enjoyment. And whoever said she was wasting away to a wraith (another rumor) ought to be shot at sunrise. Wasting away, my eye! She simply radiates health and vitality.

I have also heard that she is interested in Gayelord Hauser, famous food scientist, only because of his wonderful diets—the legend being that Garbo is a pushover for health diets. But that is certainly untrue. They are not the least mushy about it, thank goodness, but it is quite easy to see that Garbo and her handsome Gayelord are very much in love. She adores having his old friends tell her amusing stories about him, things that happened before she met him. She laughs beautifully and naturally at everything he says. Pretty good signs, those. But even more than that she definitely has the look of a woman in love. I ought to know after eight years in romantic Hollywood with *l'amour* constantly slapping me in the face.

After dinner we trooped into the playroom where Garbo settled herself on a large hassock. She slipped out of her sandals and drew her feet up under her. (They aren't such big feet; *you* should have them that small). She looked just

about sixteen sitting there in her handsomely tailored dark blue slacks and Eton jacket with white piqué collar. She wore no jewelry. She needs none to set off her Nordic beauty. Except for the barest trace of eye shadow she wore no make-up, not even a dab of lipstick. Any other Glamor Girl I know would have looked terrible. But not Miss Garbo. She looked too divinely beautiful to be of this world.

When she wasn't noticing, I hope, I stared at her in fascination. Hers is perfection of face and figure. But not that cold perfection of our other glamorous beauties. There is nothing chilling about Garbo. The minute she enters a room you are aware of her warm personality, her utter simplicity, and her charming manners. Even her handshake is strong and friendly. Her hair she wears in a long bob with the ends curled under—a coiffure that has been imitated by almost every woman in the world at some time or other—and don't let anybody tell you it is limp and untidy. Her eyes shine like jewels beneath lashes that quite literally sweep her cheeks. She has a magnificent tan.

I have been to parties, too many parties, where the Movie Star arrived on the arm, or in the arms, of her favorite boy friend, and proceeded to ignore everyone else for the entire evening. She couldn't be more rude, but for some weird reason no one ever considers her rude. But Garbo, the movie colony will tell you, is rude. Garbo, the evening I met her, not only joined in the general conversation with great interest, but chatted individually with every person there. I don't want to hear another word, mind you, about Garbo's rudeness or aloofness. It simply isn't so.

I don't know whether it is the Hauser influence, or the Mrs. Harrison Williams influence (imagine Garbo's best friend being the best dressed woman in America), but during the last few months Garbo has

annexed herself a wardrobe. She has some beautiful dresses, especially designed and made for her by Valentine, and some of those silly, feminine hats whipped up by John Fredericks. Her slacks are not sloppy and old, as many of the columnists would have you believe; but very chic, and extremely well-tailored. She likes to walk, miles and miles every day, and slacks are very good for walking.

Well, thanks to the other guests, certainly no thanks to me, the conversation



Allan Jones and Rosemary Lane in "The Boys from Syracuse," a farce of the ancient Greeks, with modern-day dialogue. The comedy shows what happens when two sets of twins tangle with a single set of wives.

got on a higher plane after we left the dinner table, and there was much discussion of music, books, and, of course, the war. Miss Garbo, I discovered, is no slouch when it comes to the arts and current events. Naturally she is very worried about her native Sweden.

When ten o'clock came—she's one of those early to bed people—she shook hands cordially all around, and most politely told her host what a lovely evening she had had, and could she come again. She did not say "I tank I go home now." In fact she has never said that. It's just another of those legends.

As I gradually came out of my coma, I realized that something was decidedly wrong with the evening. Something most unusual had occurred. Oh, yes—moving pictures had not been mentioned from the moment Garbo entered the door until she left! And I am willing to bet my last dollar that's the first time *that* has ever happened at a Hollywood dinner party.

Gable Gave Him a Break!

Continued from page 34

his resourcefulness. Here is the story of his adventures in Hollywood, just as he told it to me.

"I didn't want to be an actor in the beginning. I intended to be an engineer, but after I got out of school I had a chance to do gag writing at the Hal Roach Studios for Bob MacGowan, who was directing 'Our Gang.' My father and mother were both professionals and I had worked in some pictures Bob directed, when I was ten years old. I liked to do gag writing, but when the studio pared down its staff a few months later, they let me go. I went back to my home town, Des Moines, Iowa, and landed a stock contract and played in the theater there for six months.

"Then my father died and I returned to Hollywood. Mother suddenly decided that she wanted me to go into business. Any kind of a business, just so I would have a steady income, a normal life and home. She explained to me how much she had loved father, yet because they were professionals, so much of their life had been lived apart. Now, suddenly, she resented all of those wasted years they could have had together and she was determined my life wouldn't be like that.

"I agreed finally to give it up. She talked the matter over with an influential friend and he gave me my pick of five different positions. Laid them in a row and told me to choose. They ran all the way from cub reporter on the *Examiner* to a job in the Crane Plumbing Co. I refused to choose. I told mother that the job was her idea, so she could pick it out for me, and I went fishing.

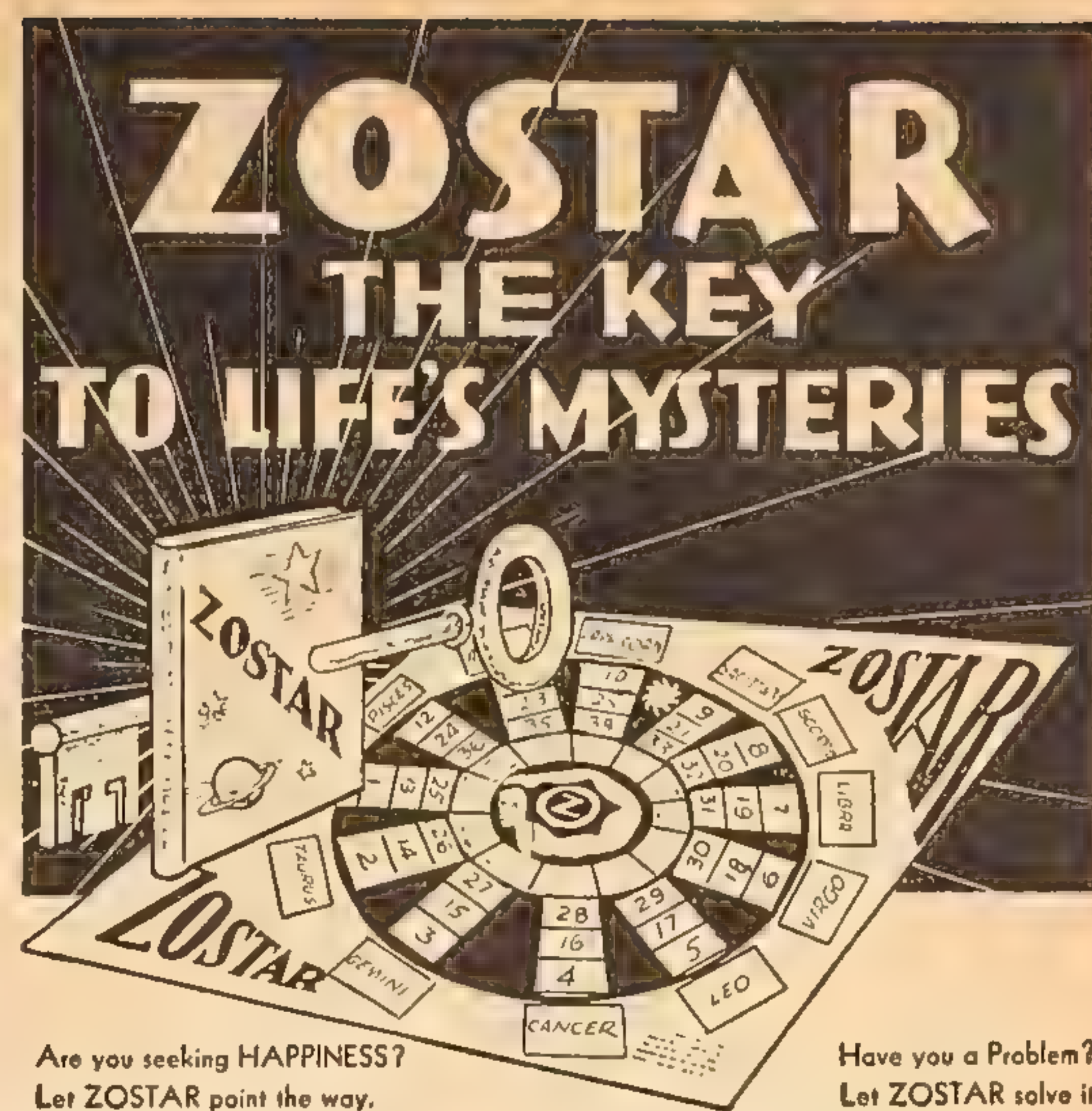
"Mother picked the plumbing job. I didn't know anything about the business so I had to begin at the bottom. The following Monday found me on the Crane payroll at twenty dollars a week and I was wearing white overalls and handling a broom in the back of the plant. But it was a job.

"I stuck to the plumbing business for a year. Then one day I was passing the RKO Studios and I remembered that a friend of mine was working in the casting office. I stopped in to say 'hello.' The first thing he said was, 'Say, Bud, it's too bad you are a plumber now. I've got a part in a picture and I can't find anybody it would fit like it does you. Perfect for your type. Pays \$150 a week and there's at least three weeks' work in it.'

"I didn't even answer him. I just reached across the desk, got his phone, called the Crane Company and said, 'This is Bud Flanagan. I quit.'

"But things didn't come as easy as my beginning. After the picture was finished, I couldn't get anything but extra work and very little of that. Mother went East and I took a room near the studio. This was before the Screen Guild was formed and Central Casting Bureau was operating as a closed shop. They wouldn't enroll any new people at all. One day, however, I was in the waiting room at Paramount, while the head man at Central Casting was talking with the casting director. I couldn't hear their conversation until suddenly the casting director pointed across the room at me. 'Now, that is what I mean,' he said, raising his voice, 'that is the type of young man we want. You ought to register young fellows like him. I could use him just about every day.'

"The Central Casting man walked over and asked me for my name and telephone number then, and told me if I would go



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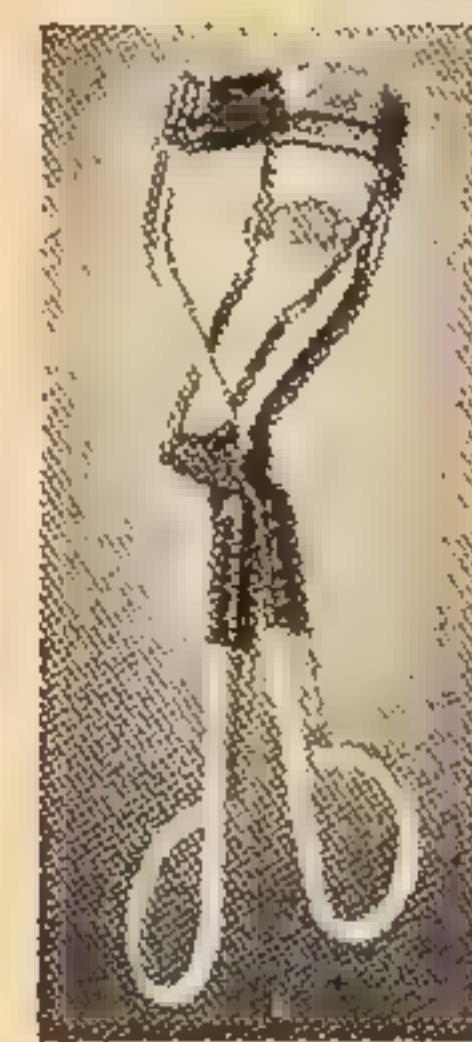
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Both of these stories will sweep you off your feet! So better buy your July Silver Screen right away!

down to the office he would register me. I went immediately.

"I got a number of calls the first two weeks and then they quit. I didn't understand it. I used to see the young man across the hall from me walk out every morning with his dress suit over his arm, and I tried to figure out what he had that I didn't. I was tall enough and I could wear clothes well, but he was working and I was not. Finally, I figured it out. The people who got the most calls from Central knew everybody in the Bureau so that when they called in and gave their name, the person on the phone had a picture of them in his mind and knew whether they were right for the part or not. To them, 'Bud Flanagan' was just a name. I remedied that at once. I hung around the Bureau until I had met and talked with every member of the staff. After that, I got plenty of calls.

"Then it dawned on me that I was not on the preferred list. When a picture goes into production, the big call for extras is for the first day. The director tries to get all of his big mob scenes shot in one day if possible. Then on the second, third, and fourth day, only a portion of the extras used on the first day are called back. I found out that the assistant director on every set is the one responsible for the list of 'call backs.'

"After the first big call, the only ones who work are 'request extras.' I figured out a system of my own for getting on the 'request' list. It would be impossible to go to the assistant and say: 'I'm Bud Flanagan. I want to be on your request list.' I thought up a trick, instead.

"For instance, the first set I worked on after I figured out my system was a café sequence. The assistant director placed me at a table with three other extras. We got acquainted and I told them my name. Then, just as the director was getting ready to shoot the scene, I got up quietly and strolled off to one edge of the set. In a moment, the assistant spotted the vacant chair and demanded the name of the missing extra. He began shouting my name then, all over the place. 'Bud Flanagan! Bud Flanagan!' I came up and he gruffly told me to get in my spot, which I did in an humble manner. Then after the scene was finished, I hunted him up and apologized for causing him uneasiness. He told me to forget it. And sure enough, my call came through next day. He knew who Bud Flanagan was and I was on his request list. I worked this ruse over and over again. It never failed to land me on the 'call back.'

"I worked steadily from then on. When

the Screen Guild was organized, Warner Brothers signed up thirty extras and formed a stock company with them. I was one of them. They put us under a six months' contract, with options, at \$50 a week. I was convinced that here, at last, was my 'break.'

"However, at the end of four months, I knew that I was in a rut. The only thing I had been given to do during those months that even remotely resembled an opportunity was when I had to make up as an interne in a hospital scene, wheel a sheeted body into the room and say to a couple of doctors, 'He's dead.' So I finally went to the front office, asked for and obtained a release from my contract.

"After this episode, I found myself tied to my dress suit. Because I was tall and could wear a dress suit well, I soon found myself called only for this type of work. It was while I was working in 'Something to Sing About,' with Cagney, that I woke up to the fact that I had allowed myself to be typed.

"Rather, Jimmy Cagney woke me up. I was talking to him about how long I had been trying for a 'break,' but nothing had happened. Immediately, he hit the nail on the head; 'Get out of that dress suit! You'll get old and gray in it. You've let yourself get typed.'

"I took his advice and turned down dress suit calls for longer than I could afford. I sometimes wonder how extras keep hanging on to their ambition in the face of all the socks they get on the chin." He smiled a little, reminiscently. I could see he was visualizing some of the socks. "To tell the truth, I almost lost mine several times. Skated pretty close to that 'thin line' Lewis Stone tells about. I shiver a little now when I remember. Little things can mean so much. Many times I have had a director walk up to me on the set and ask my name. Then, he would call his assistant over.

"See here, Red," he would say, 'this man here is just about right for that part we were talking about. Don't you think so? You know the part I mean! The boy who dies at the end.' The assistant yesses him. The director makes sure that he has my name and number on his pad, nods to me, and walks on. I am in the clouds, then. This is the 'break' I've been hanging on these four years for. I can see it, now. The boy who dies in the end. That will be a sympathetic part. The kind that will make the fans ask, 'Who is the blond boy in the death scene?'

"Walking on air then, the next few days, but the call doesn't come. Not then or any time. Chances are the assistant has a friend he wants for the part. The producer also

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman (Gladys Swarthout) and Harry Carey found excellent food, comfortable surroundings, and an admiring audience at the new low-priced restaurant at the N. Y. World's Fair of 1940.





Len Weissman photo

The Mischa Avers pausing for refreshments and posing for our candid cameraman at the Midwick polo match.

has a friend he wants to see play it. The director has passed my name over to the assistant and will never think of it again. And that is how the 'breaks' get broken into bits.

"And the 'let-down' is quite as hard as the 'build-up.' You have got to have fight in you to live through that kind of discouragement. Then, there is a different kind of heartbreak. I was called as an extra in 'Broadway Bill' which co-starred Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter. I was supposed to be a millionaire's son home from college. Those were the kind of parts easiest for me to get because I had a good wardrobe.

"Frank Capra directed 'Broadway Bill' and, in one scene, the assistant had called a bit player who was not the type Capra had visualized for the part. He tried to get through the scene with the actor but it was no go. After a number of retakes, Capra, who is the kindest director in the business and would never hurt anyone willingly, took the player aside and told him regretfully that the assistant had made a mistake. He would try to use him later in the picture.

"This left the assistant in the well-known spot. There were several hundred people on the set. The time it would take to call a suitable player for the bit, get him made-up and on the set, would run the overhead of the picture up several thousand dollars. And the assistant knew whom the studio would blame for the added expense and delay.

"He looked frantically around. I had been standing near, watching the many retakes, and the assistant pounced on me. He asked me if I had watched them shoot the scene and when I told him I had, he wanted to know if I thought I could do it. I reassured him on that point and he took me to Capra. 'Does this man look like the type you want?' Capra agreed and the scene was shot. Capra, himself, told me he was completely satisfied with the way I had handled the part.

"I don't believe I will ever feel grander than I did at that moment. What a break! To be discovered by Frank Capra is the thing all extras pray for. I was in a daze after that. I knew that Lady Luck had really tapped me on the shoulder this time. And then the preview! I got tickets and took all my friends.

"You guessed right at the first time! The scene wasn't even in the picture. That is heartbreak for you. You fight for something for ages, then when you finally get it, it slips through your fingers. All actors

live through moments like that. I knew a baker's dozen of them. But always when I was beginning to wonder what my chances really were, something would happen to keep me everlastingly at it.

"I knew most of the assistant directors in Hollywood now and all the casting directors at the various studios. Calls came regularly. Finally, I was called for a bit in 'Saratoga.' It wasn't an important bit at all. I was supposed merely to raise my hand during the auction scene and say, 'I bid five hundred dollars.' But that was one day that Lady Luck was really on the job for me. When they started to shoot the scene, Director Jack Conway decided that a lot of people in the audience wouldn't realize that the two main characters were bidding too much for the horse. He talked it over with the star, Clark Gable, and they decided that in order to get over the right impression, they needed somebody to stand near during the auction and try to get the fellow to cease bidding.

"As had happened on the Capra set, I happened to be the nearest and most observing extra. I had been watching them discuss and plan the scene and I had an idea what they were trying to get. When Conway asked the assistant if he knew anybody on the set who could play the scene, he brought me forward. I didn't get too excited about it, because the same thing had happened to me too many times before and nothing had ever come of it.

"So you see when my real 'break' came, I didn't recognize it. I played the part to the best of my ability and I was glad of the chance for an adjustment on my check. I got \$35 for it and I was called back for another day at the same price. I could use the money right then, too.

"Between scenes, next morning, the assistant director came over to me. 'Say, Bud, I don't know what it is, but something is up, for I heard Conway and Gable talking about you yesterday. And they are talking about you again, right now.'

"Naturally, I was concerned about the matter. A star or a director can do a lot for an unknown. But a star AND a director is really something. I tried to be nonchalant. After the last scene in which I appeared was shot, Conway came over to me and told me what was on their minds. 'Gable and I have been watching you and we think you've got what it takes. I could offer you a personal contract but it wouldn't do you as much good as a studio contract. I would like to take you over and introduce you to Harry Rapf and some of the boys. I think I can get you a studio contract.'

"And that is how it happened. Conway introduced me around the front office. Took some of the executives in to see the rushes in which I had worked. And they gave me a contract the following day and changed my name from Bud Flanagan to Dennis O'Keefe. Before I signed, I had a chance at contracts from two other studios, because they heard M-G-M was interested."

Hollywood is like that. It is always interested in newcomers *after* they succeed in making the jump from obscurity to fame.

"I thought all my troubles were over when I signed my contract," Dennis mused, "but they weren't, of course. I was just getting started well on the road to success, when my accident occurred."

I was hoping he would tell me about it, for it was a heart-breaking thing to have happen just when success was in his hands.

"I was on loan-out to Universal for 'Unexpected Father,'" he explained. "We were at the end of the picture and I had worked 16 hours without a let-up. It was the hardest thing I had ever done, too. It was the scene with Baby Sandy, where the tot tries to walk along the window ledge



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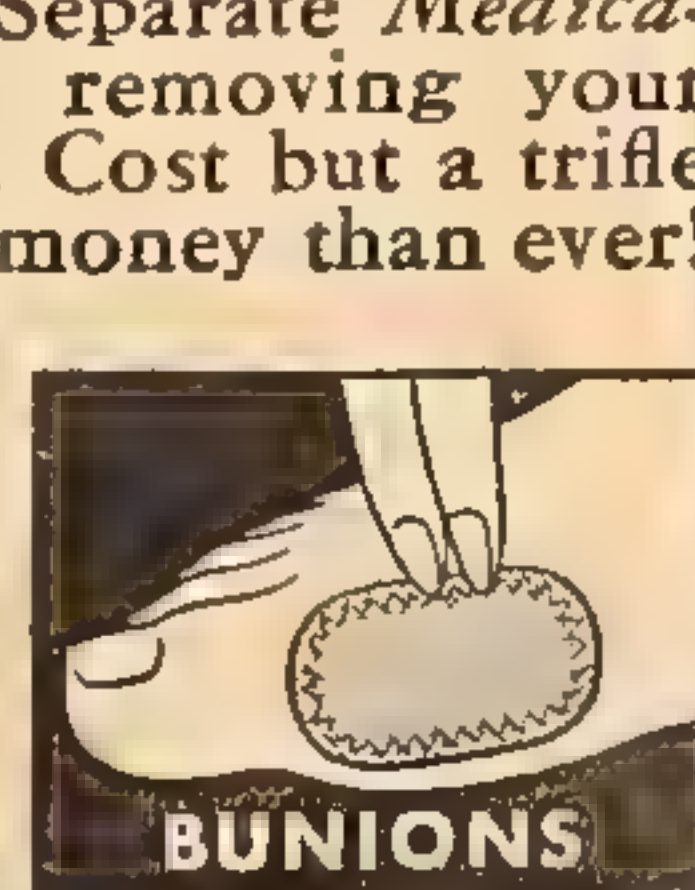
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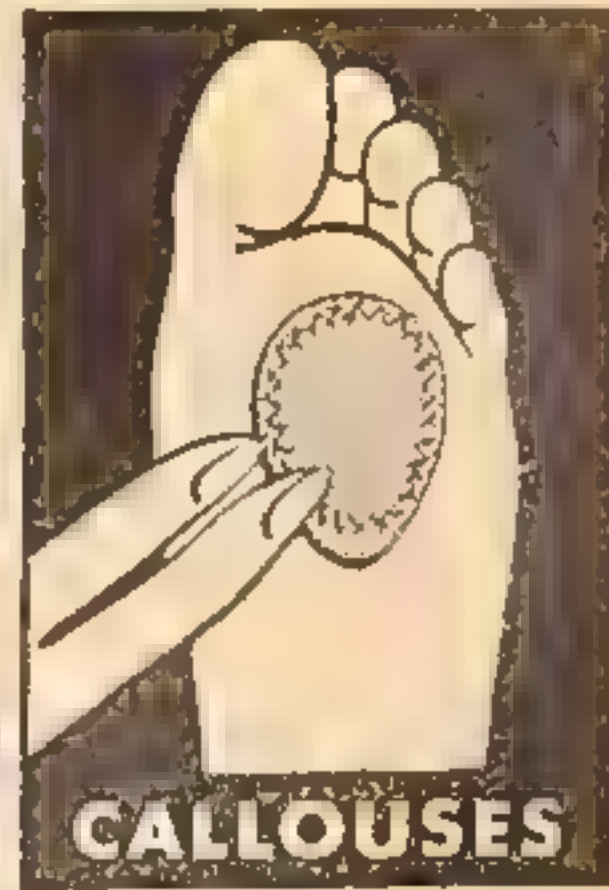


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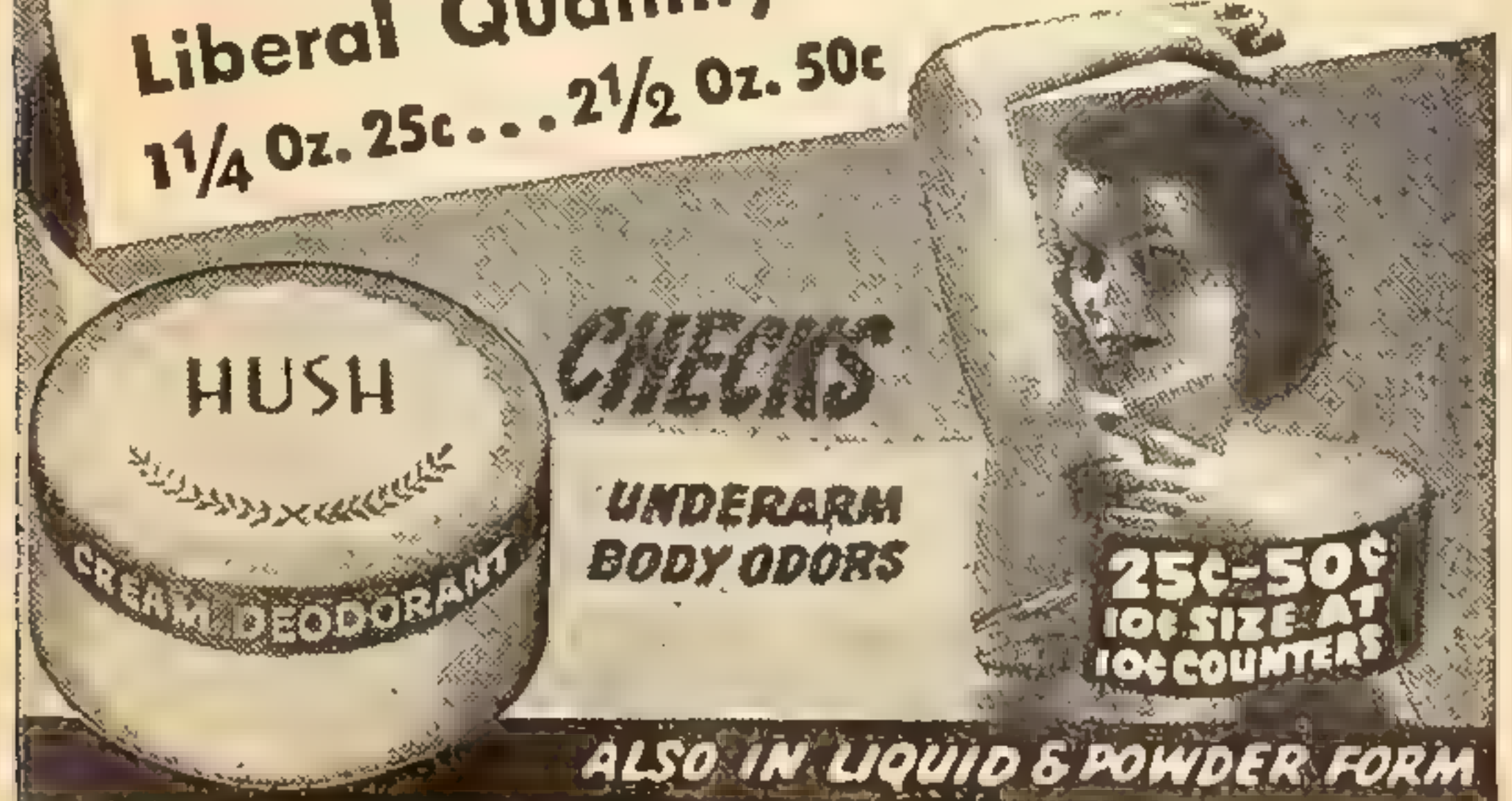
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above the street. My nerves were completely gone by the time we finished that night. I knew the baby was protected with wires and a net was stretched below to catch it if anything broke, but I was under a terrific tension all the time anyway. That night, going home, I fell asleep at the wheel. You know the rest. I crashed into a milk truck and went to the hospital. When I came to and looked in the mirror, I thought my acting career was finished forever.

"A facial surgeon repaired my broken nose and gradually my leg healed, but I put in some bad weeks just the same. And the studio took me off the payroll while I was in the hospital. I went back to work before my leg was healed, because I had to have the money. I was still limping badly when I reported at RKO for 'That's Right — You're Wrong.'"

I remembered the last time I talked with Dennis on the set of "Unexpected Father" just before his accident. At that time, he was so anxious to get a certain rôle. I reminded him now of it and how he must have felt when he lost it.

"That was a lucky 'break' for me," he pointed out. "I was so hot for that part. And if I hadn't been hurt, I would have played it. Yet the rôle almost ruined the fellow who took it. I know if I had gotten it I would have fared worse than he did. A bad rôle at that stage in my career would have finished me forever. I'm glad now that I didn't get it. So you see, even my accident might be regarded as a 'lucky break.'"

Dennis is no male Pollyanna, let me assure you, but he is a comforting young Irishman to have around. He can certainly see the silver lining to almost any cloud. The day I visited with him on the set of "La Conga Nights," he was making the dance sequences with Constance Moore. He hastened to point out that he is no Fred Astaire and he confided that when he learned he was going to be required to dance the Conga, he got a good teacher to hurry up and instruct him in the art.

He looked all right in the sequence to me. In fact, Dennis is the kind of young man who can look all right in almost any kind of rôle. He is tall and slim and clean-looking. And his experiences as an extra have taught him the right answers.

His career is typical of Hollywood. Although signed by M-G-M, almost every important rôle he has had to date has been on loan-out. He has appeared in four pictures at Universal, and is slated to do two more. He had a leading rôle in "Alias the Deacon," with Bob Burns, and is now being co-featured with Constance Moore in "La Conga Nights."

When you meet and talk with Dennis, you get the impression that he is one young man completely content with his lot. He is more than glad to be able to get his teeth into rôles that really try his mettle. Moreover, now that he has made the grade, he doesn't need to put up a front any more.

When he was a successful extra, he had to have a super-wardrobe. His monthly pressing and cleaning bills were terrific. Now the studio furnishes his wardrobe and foots his cleaning bills. As an extra, he felt it necessary to have an imposing and much-too-expensive car. Now that he doesn't need to impress anybody, he owns a small car of a popular make.

He lives with his mother in a little house in Sherman Oaks, for which he pays \$50 a month rent. There is a large back yard that Mrs. Flanagan has filled with flowers. And Dennis has built a lot of garden furniture and installed some gay umbrellas.

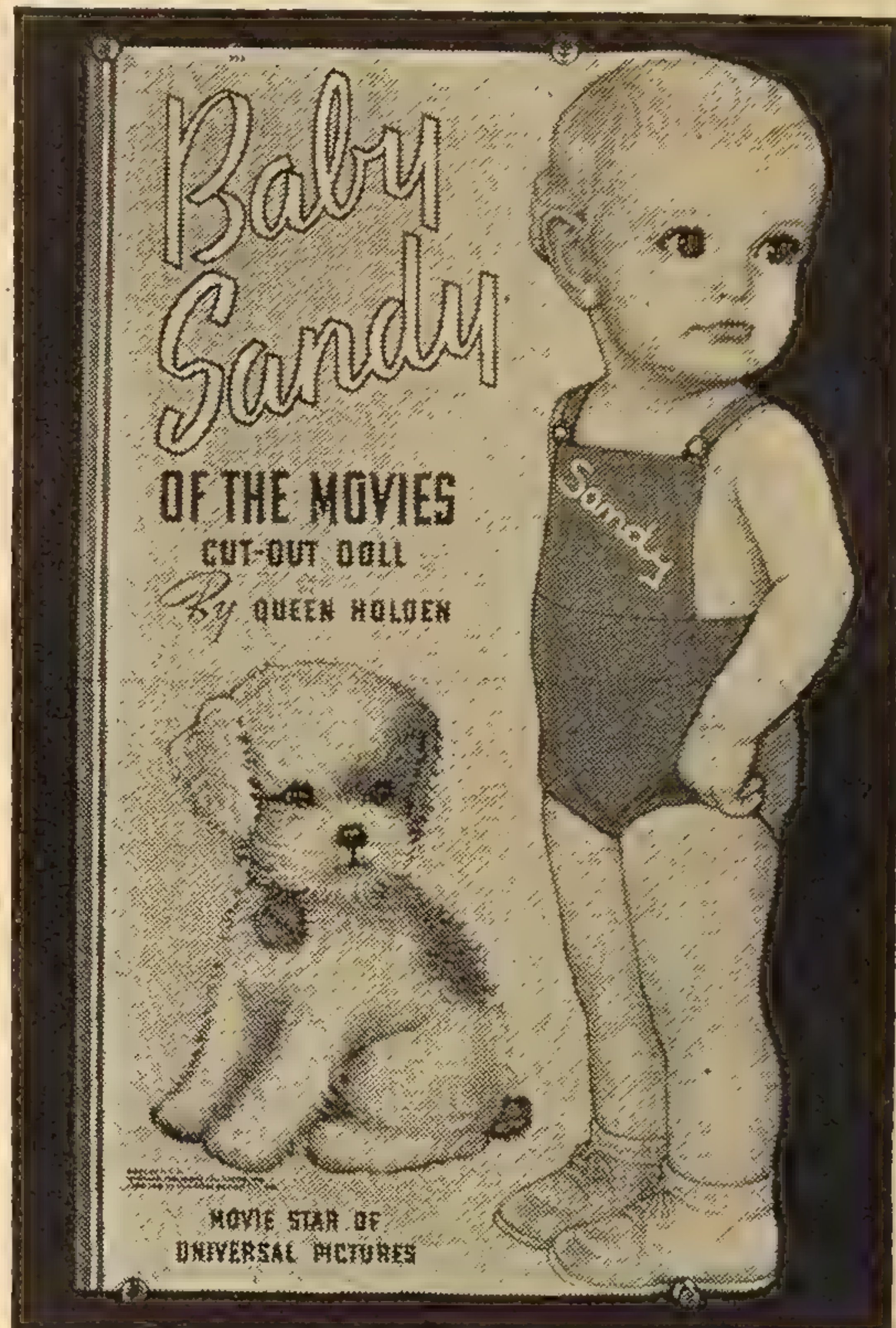
He has a passion for hamburgers with lots of sauce and onions. I know, because he ate a huge one the last time I lunched with him. He drives as far as Glendale frequently, because there is a stand there where they make them exactly right.

Clean, Cool and Crisp

Continued from page 71

a tendency to damp discomfort, and make you fresh and fragrant to just the right degree for warm weather, but never are a shocking assault upon the senses, as too much of a strong, concentrate perfume can be on hot days. This lighter type you may use for business, knowing that you will never be overpowering but merely delightfully sweet and fresh.

All business girls should keep a bottle of eau de Cologne at the office. When you must go from there to a date without benefit of a refreshing shower, do this. Clean up as best you can, then apply your freshener to back of neck, over your bosom inside your neckline, over forearms and



Sandy is always in the pink of condition—that's why the book, "Baby Sandy's Health Rules," by the makers of Lysol, is in great demand. A Baby Sandy cut-out doll with complete wardrobe is included in the book. The little scamp's new film is "Sandy Is A Lady."

backs of hands. This is a wonderful lifter for sagging body and spirits.

After you have used your eau de Cologne at home, finish off with a shower of dusting or talcum powder. Then, regardless of the thermometer, you will want to be up and doing. This powder seems to "insulate" you against heat and dampness. It will make underthings, especially tight girdles, simply slide over your skin. If your skin is dark, then use one of the tinted powders, which do not show like the white.

For normally comfortable feet in warm weather, eau de Cologne and powder prove a daily benediction. But for real foot sufferers, there are a very special soap and a balm that seem heaven-sent. I'll tell you more if you'll write to me. For you who will be seeing the World's Fair or if you plan on real sightseeing in other fields afar (walking being the best way to see anything, I think), these foot aids will prove true blessings.

So much for basic beauty. Now for the illusion of cool crispness. This you will achieve through make-up, hair-do and clothes. Choose fresh colors for your wardrobe—clear tones, soft tones, but not the mottled kind. Red and yellow can be divinely clear and, therefore, cool looking.

You don't have to suck to white and blue, though the old wives' tale always reads that He proposed to Her in blue! Another trick is to keep whatever you wear in the pink of condition—clean, crisp and unwrinkled. Your life-savers here are soap flakes and a little electric iron. You can learn to use both all right, if you want, and for travelers the two, plus a folding pressing board, small enough for your bags, are indispensable.

If you like dark colors in sheers—and there is a chic to them after the first wave of summer pastels—then use white accents—bags, hats, gloves or jewelry, for that inviting, cooling touch. But whatever is rightly white must be kept white. Better a black straw any time than a coquettish white sailor not quite white any more. The bottled cleaners will help you out on the hat and bag situation, and if you wear white shoes, then they must have their daily treatment of cleanser. Pressing puts many a frock back into pristine order, but if you're smart when you buy summer fabrics or frocks, you will try to find them in fade-proof, wrinkle-proof, pre-shrunk materials. Most summer frocks must take plenty of tubbing and wear, and if they won't, then they are a failure.

At this point your body should be comfortable and sweet, your clothes, immaculate and inviting, so your hair and face will add the final cool fillip. Summer hair needs a shampoo weekly or, at longest, every ten days. Try to find a becoming line that takes this hair up and away from your face, up at the sides and front. This general line is perfect for many, and while it is not new, it is *the* thing right now. It is a style that will continue, too, I think, into the fall and winter, because it is good. It's flattering, young, revealing often the best part of your face, bone structure! Practically all of Hollywood uses some version of this general front hairline. If you want to wear your back hair long, then have it set or train it yourself in some definite line. This gives design, and that means style and smartness. Don't think you can just comb out the ends of your permanent and let it go at that. It will give the rest of you, no matter how beautifully groomed you are, an unkempt look. Train this hair up, under, into curls or coils, but give it a pattern, a design. You will look ten times cooler when hair is in order. A limp lock, a wandering curl, and you look undone.

To give your face a fresh, cool look, I recommend a foundation. You can take your choice here, for there are a number of good types. There is the liquid powder type that you spread on—and this in darker tones is being used extensively for leg make-up. Very smart, very beautifying and very economical re the stocking situation. There are creams to give the skin a luminous quality. There are those that will give a velour, mat effect. There are those that you can use heavily enough for evening to recreate a whole new skin effect. The modern make-up base is so perfected that it will not reappear later in unwanted shine, as did some such creams when they were in their infancy. These aids definitely help you stay put in warm weather, keep that make-up fresh hours longer than you'd expect, and have a certain protective benefit to the skin against sun, wind and the dirt and grime of travel.

To finish, I believe that we might all well adopt a little motto for July and August—"Think Cool!" That means that you will talk of anything under the sun *but* the weather. It means you will not complain, and that privately you can console yourself with the thought that it won't be long before we have more blizzards and sleet storms. It really won't. So gather your little beauty aids about you while you may and plan to enjoy a good hot summer!

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 78 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Costume Jewelry by Nat Levy-Urie Mandle Corp., 411 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Wm. Filene's Sons & Co., Boston, Mass.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Titcher Goettinger Co., Dallas, Texas
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
Broadway Hollywood, Hollywood, Cal.
Arnold Constable & Co., New York City
Meier & Frank, Portland, Oregon
Miller Rhoads, Inc., Richmond, Va.
Marston Co., San Diego, Cal.
White House, San Francisco, Cal.
Rhodes Dept. Store, Seattle, Wash.

Gown by Fred Perlberg, 525 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
John Shillito, Cincinnati, Ohio
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
Adler's, Kansas City, Kans.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Lord & Taylor, New York City
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lipman Wolfe, Portland, Ore.
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
Best's, Seattle, Wash.
Lansburg & Bros., Washington, D. C.

Minikins by Blue Swan Mills, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.

Wm. Filene's Sons & Co., Boston, Mass.
Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Wm. Taylor Sons & Co., Cleveland, Ohio
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Ed. Schuster Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Krauss Co. Ltd., New Orleans, La.
Arnold Constable & Co., New York City
Carl Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
La Salle Koch, Toledo, Ohio
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Bathing Suit, Cap, Beach Bag and Ghillies by I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
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Osa Massen, pretty newcomer, wears this tennis outfit of white poplin for summer sports. It's a tricky affair with blouse and shorts joined in front and not in back, giving it a bolero effect. The zippered front features three bow ties.

Jane's Camera Capers

Continued from page 65

the camera in the right place, he consults his gadgets—he has about twelve hung around the camera that tell him about the light and what to do about shadow and focussing and I don't know what all. When that's done, he decides he needs a different angle, and then he changes your position or sticks you against a different background. I tell you it's *work* when you take pictures like that. But George's pictures are swell!

"Me, I just grab my camera, turn it to No. 1 or whatever the next picture happens to be, look in my finder and press the button. And that's *that*! But you sure can get interested in taking pictures, no matter which way you do it. I've got so I can even develop my own, but I don't have an expensive layout like George's. I guess my pictures aren't worth that—yet."

When Jane heard that SCREENLAND wanted a story on her camera hobby, she went through her prints, decided they were "not so hot," took the faithful Brownie and toured the 20th Century-Fox studio lot. "I can take pictures on the lot because I belong to the union," she confided. "I have a working permit as 16 mm. cameraman from the International Photographers' West Coast Local, signed by Harland Holden, First Vice-president."

"One day I had my movie outfit on the set and Lucien Andriot, A. S. C.—that means American Society of Cinematog-

raphers—said to me: 'Do you belong to the union?' I said I didn't, did I have to? And he said I must have a permit if I was going to take pictures there. 'How do I get one?' I asked. And he said he would consult his local. Pretty soon he was appointed a committee of one to view the pictures I had taken, he made a report to his local, and they gave me the permit."

"Here's my picture of Linda Darnell—she's my very most favorite star! Oh, she was so happy that day! She had just had an award for being the most promising young player in Hollywood—that's it in her hand."

"Here's Arleen Whalen—hasn't she the most gorgeous hair? What I'd give for it!—she posed for me twice, and each time she had an *idea* in posing. I like people to do something in a picture, not just stand and grin."

"I was in such a hurry to get John Payne that I just went *click*. But George says if I had stopped to use my brain I'd have moved him over to the black doorway, because his white shirt is all washed out against the white wall. I did better by Jack Oakie and June Lang. She had on a dark red dress that goes black in the picture, so against the white wall, she does all right; and Jack in his white suit is against the door of the café."

"This is Cesar Romero. I hope I get to

dance with that man before I die! He's the most marvelous dancer in the world!

"This is the gateman, Mr. John Butler. He was a big league baseball player years ago and now he has a marvelous memory—he can remember everybody's name on this lot!"

Jane's preference for informality in snapshots is illustrated by one she took of her mother, crouched down on the terrace to get a movie of the family kittens; a shot of a conference on one of her pictures between my "Popsidoodle" (Jane's father), her dance instructor, and the script clerk; and a relaxed group at Yosemite. Seabiscuit's first race, a set for "Little Old New York," and a scene at Yosemite are Jane's favorite shots.

"I want to do some of the things George does. He's just full of ideas! He took a picture of his mother looking down into a fish-pond. The average person would have shown a clear reflection of her, but not George. Just as he was ready to shoot, he threw a rock into the pond and got it wiggling and then he shot. He got just the outline of his mother with the water quivering—really, it was good."

Another of Jane's hobbies is cooking. She won a prize last summer for her household accomplishments from the Girl Scouts. "Whenever my mother had a tea or a luncheon or something, I practiced on her guests," she recalled. "I'd decide on the menu, help prepare the food, arrange the table, help receive and serve, and of course I cooked whatever they had. The first time I must have been pretty slow, but in the end I could rattle 'em off."

"I've got an ice cream soda fountain of my own! I can make the best sodas you ever tasted. It's in my new apartment and our club meets there and only Mary and Jeanie and I are allowed behind the counter. No boys permitted, because boys break things or get to acting silly, and pretty soon there wouldn't be a fountain."

Jane's club used to be called the 8 and 8 Club—8 boys and 8 girls—but now the members are growing up and decided they should have a better name. "We're the Gay Teens Club now—doesn't that sound like the Gay Nineties?" cried Jane.

The club wanted Jane for president, but Jane objected that "president" is an honored title and should belong only to the President of the United States, so they compromised and she's chairman, with Joe Brown, Jr., who played opposite Jane in "High School", as vice-chairman, and Don Brown, Joe's eleven-year-old brother, as sergeant-at-arms. George Ernest, June Carlson, the Mauch twins, Marvin Stephens, Mary McCarty, the two Browns, Jane and some non-professionals comprise the club.

"My animals are a great hobby," added Jane. "I used to have a big assortment, but the neighborhood complained about too many farmyard noises, so we got rid of the cow and the donkey, the goats, most of the chickens, the doe and the fox, but I have ten dogs and a lot of kittens and birds. I *had* some squirrels, but we decided to let them out while I was on my personal appearance tour, and the old darlings wouldn't go away; they kept coming back to be fed. We forgot to tell Popsidoodle they were free, and he promised to feed my animals for me. The first day he went out, scattering food around, he felt a monster leap up at him and run up to his shoulder. He shook all over. He didn't know we'd trained them to come to be fed that way, and he says he nearly died before he found out what it was! We let the doves out, too, but they made a nest in a big tree on the place and now there are six eggs in the nest. We feed birds all the time and now there are so many we can't get the grass to grow! Somebody said they'd send me an alligator—just a baby alligator—I think I might be able to keep that, don't you?"

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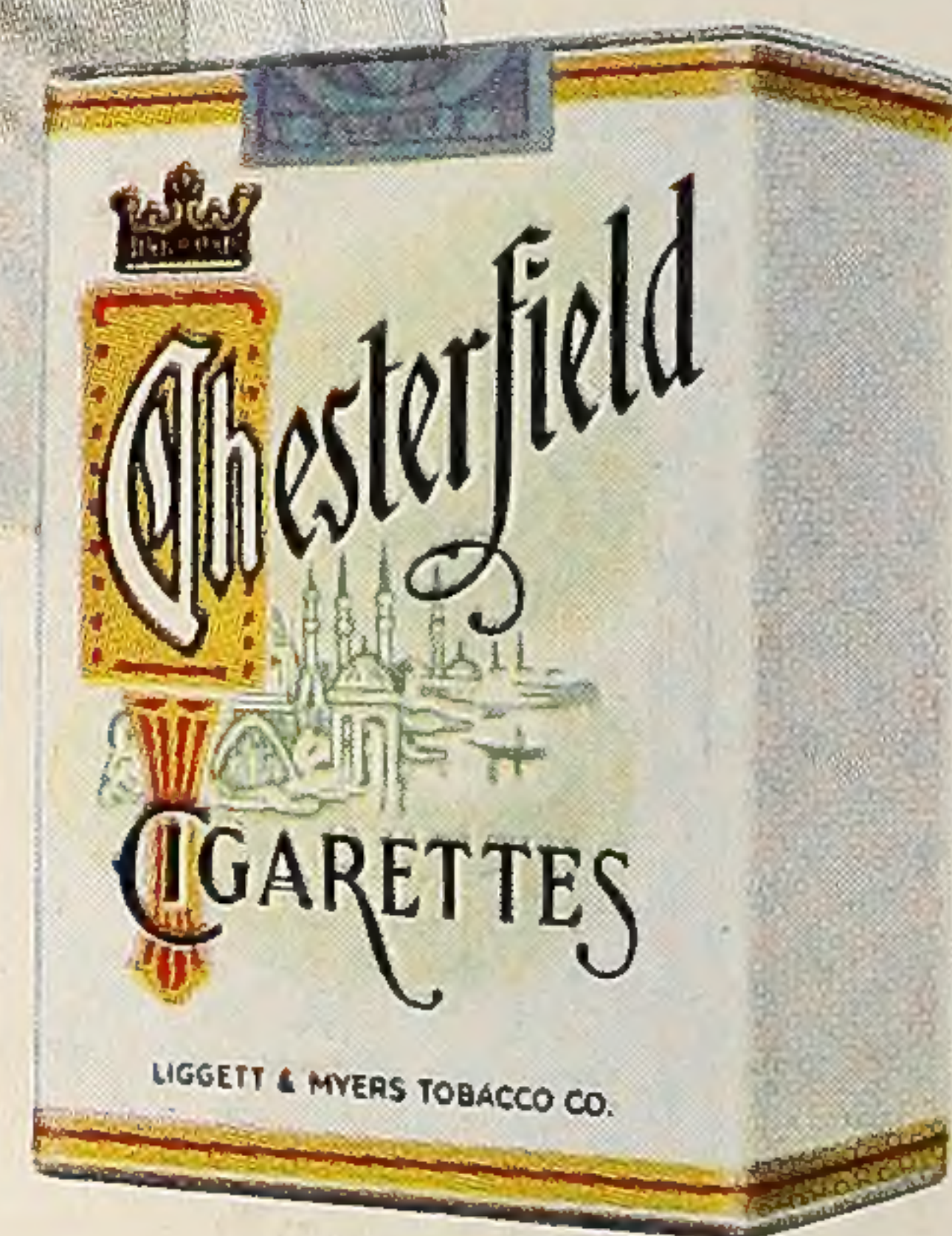
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